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From Publisher —to You

IN THIS ISSUE we print a complete editorial statement of the reasons which impelled The Outlook and Independent to initiate and complete its investigation of the Bridgewater crime.

THE STATEMENT needs no amplification in this column beyond the addition of the fact that up to this hour Governor Fuller of Massachusetts has continued in his refusal to reopen his own police records so that any errors could be corrected and the truth arrived at. According to the New York "World," "the Commonwealth of Massachusetts now faces a reckoning. It can no more ignore these findings than it can ignore Judgment Day."

Well, we shall see.

MEANWHILE, we publish the last paper in Marcelo Villegas's interesting and informative series on the present Government of Mexico, its past and future. Lest it be thought that Señor Villegas is too harsh in his criticisms of the radicals whom he describes and the character of their ideas and connections, we must remind our readers once more that he is prepared to produce documentary proofs of everything he says.

WHERE THE ELECTION is concerned, no word will be found in this issue because as we go to press the balloting has but just begun—and we have only the claims of the rival campaign managers to assure us of the result.

WHATEVER the outcome, nevertheless, this journal will continue to view national and international affairs from an independent liberal standpoint, and to oppose reaction wherever it appears. For whoever is elected, we doubt if that event alone will usher in "the almost perfect state."

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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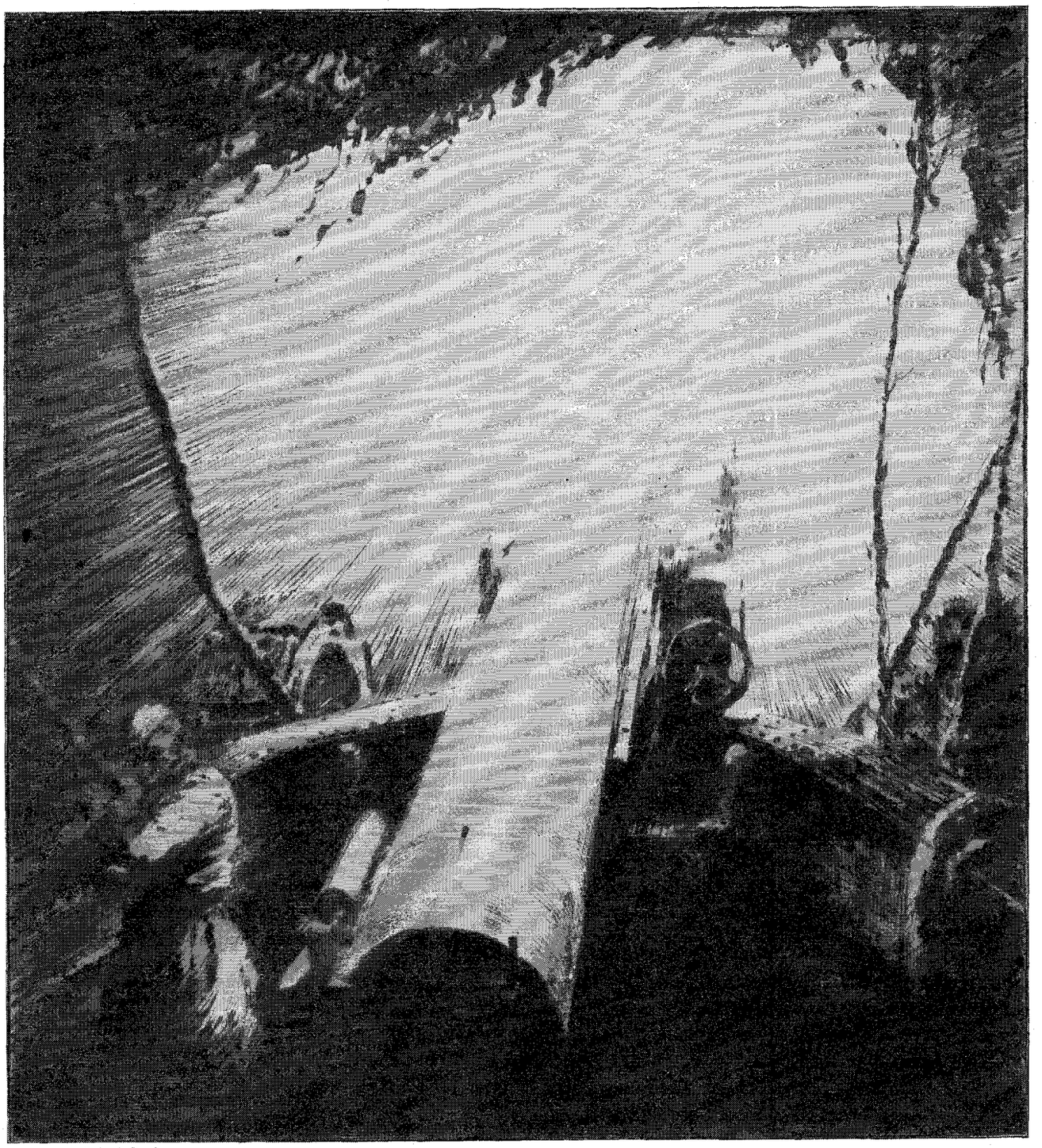

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A KISS FOR THE KAISER
Etching by Kerr Eby

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Outlook
and Independent

November 14, 1928

▶▶ Why Reds Rule Mexico ◀◀

By MARCELO VILLEGAS

Concluding his revelations of the Red Thread in the Mexican Maze, Senor Villegas carries responsibility to the door of the State Department in Washington. Without the powerful influence of America's diplomatic friendship, he believes, the Mexican people would soon rid themselves of the red thread which he sees as tying the nation to Moscow. In severing diplomatic relations with the Calles Government, he believes, the United States would cut the thread

AS A free thinker, and as a student of philosophy, I have no bias either in religion or in politics. Normal problems of social classes, economics, race or creed, or Governments are of interest to me only as matters to be solved through statesmanship based on sound analysis.

But the sorry plight of the Mexican masses due to abnormal factors, and the calamitous condition of the great majority of Mexicans, demands a humane consideration of causes and effects and recommendations for the correction of existing troubles. It is therefore on behalf of these people that I write.

Since the Mexican people exist they have a right to happiness. But since they are unhappy and miserable injustice or misunderstanding or both must be at work somewhere.

In this spirit I have discussed the Mexican problem with innumerable United States citizens in every walk of life throughout this country, and with few exceptions their first reactions have been those of astonishment. They have frankly pleaded ignorance or confessed to have been misled by propaganda. But as soon as they became acquainted with the facts they have grasped their meaning immediately and correctly. Not one has remained indifferent to the fate of my countrymen.

The consensus of opinion, whether based on religion, sociology, morality, science, law or simple common sense (according to the education and preferences of those with whom I have discussed this matter), can be summed up as follows:

It is axiomatic that no one of his own free will will plan his own destruction. The Mexican Communistic "Constitution," and those who pretend to function as the Government, have caused the sorry condition of the Mexican people. Therefore, such a "Constitution," and such a "Government" cannot represent the will of the Mexican people. It follows therefore that the deep and true causes of Mexico's anomalous situation are foreign to and beyond the reach of the Mexican people's ability to correct. Otherwise they would certainly have asserted themselves heretofore.

That these causes have been created and sustained by the unwarranted interference of the United States cannot be doubted in the light of the facts. Therefore, the removal of interference of the United States, by the people of the United States, is the first step toward the solution of the problem. All other steps necessary to the recovery of the Mexican people's sovereignty are the exclusive affairs of Mexicans who, once in possession of their freedom, must assume full responsibility to themselves and to the world.

Such conclusions are the only logical ones which can be drawn from the facts set forth in the preceding articles of this series. Nevertheless a part of the American people, because of intensive propaganda or personal inclination, believe either that the latest developments in Mexico are conducive to the correct solution of the problem, or that Washington, by persisting in its policy of interference, is avoiding war. These two fallacies must be dispelled in order to clarify the issue and to arrive at the only possible solution.

Nothing has happened in Mexico to justify any hopes for the better. The situation is parallel to that of 1920. There has been the customary assassination preparatory to a change in the personnel of a succeeding administration. Again, as in 1920, the Mexican Communists blame the victims of the assassin for all the evils of the past and promise the millenium for the future, or, as Calles said in his address to Congress on September first of this year, "For the first time in Mexican history the Republic faces a situation the dominant note of which is the lack of a leader of military power, which is going to make it finally possible for us to direct the policy of the country into truly institutional channels, striving to pass once for all from our historical condition of one man rule to national law and institutions." Now, as in 1920, there will be a Provisional President in order to insure a "fair election." Adolfo de la Huerta, the Provisional President of 1920, was a puppet of Obregon, as Portes Gil, the Provisional President of 1928, is a tool of Calles. There will be, as in 1920, amnesty for political offenders, a pageant of good intentions and laudable purposes. No

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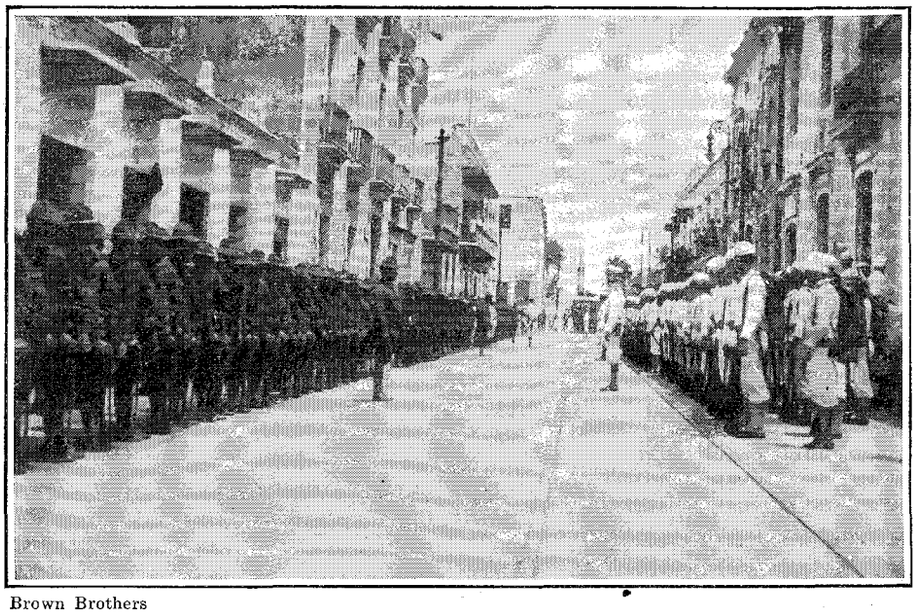

Brown Brothers

BLUEJACKETS AND THE ARMY OCCUPYING FORCE IN 1913

Bluejackets formally turning over a Mexican city to the Army

properties are to be confiscated, no reactionaries or Catholics are to be murdered (in public), no foreigners expelled without apparent cause. Furthermore, the Mexican "Government" will continue to agree with Ambassador Morrow in every main issue as well as in every minute detail, as well as to anticipate his every desire and whim.

If by these tactics it is possible to retain the support of Washington there will be ample time at a later date to amend or "interpret" the "Constitution" to permit the consecutive reelection of Presidents. Also to discover that amnesty does not work in Mexico and that after all private property must revert to the nation; that Catholics and reactionaries must be suppressed as enemies of the public interest, and that Mexico, as a sovereign nation, can change her laws at the instigation of Ambassador Morrow.

This will all be in perfect accordance with Lenin's advice to maintain a policy of "flexibility," provided the ultimate end, Communism, Mexican style, with all its greed and lust, is furthered.

To believe that Washington's continued policy of interference will avoid war is to see things wrong side out. For if by war we mean a war between the United States and the Mexican Communists such a presumption is ridiculous. Washington can easily destroy Calles and his followers by simply ceasing to sponsor them, or recognize them as the Government of Mexico. Should the United States withdraw recognition, preparatory to a declaration of war against the Mexican Communists, the Mexican people would have recovered their liberty of action and would have "cleaned house" of their oppressors, thereby removing any cause for war before United States mobilization could be effected.

On the other hand, for the United States to entertain the thought that it can avert, or has averted, civil war among the Mexicans themselves is laughable, for such a civil war has existed ever since 1910, although the propaganda of the present Mexican Government has so befuddled public opinion in the United States that few people in this country know the true conditions south of the Rio Grande. The fact is that since 1910 Mexico has been in a state of war even if this has often been called by other names. This war at times has been a civil war, at other times international, and sometimes a curious mixture of both.

It started as a civil war waged by Madero and the I.W.W. against Porfirio Diaz (1910-1911); it followed as a civil war when Zapata rebelled first against the ad interim President de la Barra and later against Madero (1912), and when Felix Diaz did the same (1912). It was again civil war when Felix Diaz and Huerta overthrew Madero (1914) and when Carranza and the Sonoran Reds rebelled against Huerta (1913). Then when President Wilson ordered American bluejackets to occupy Vera Cruz in order to accomplish the downfall of Huerta (1914) it became an international war; and when Carranza and Villa, the leaders of the triumphant revolution, quarreled (1914-1915) it became a civil war. Again it became international when President Wilson took sides with Carranza against Villa (1915-1916). President Wilson, it will be recalled, sent the famous punitive expedition against Villa in 1916.

Thus the state of war continued. It was civil between Villa, Zapata, and Carranza (1916-1919) but became international once more when the United States forces fought against Villa and Angeles at Juares in order to save the Carranzistas (1919). It was again civil war when the Sonoran Communists rebelled, overthrew and assassinated Carranza (1920), and when the partisans of Carranza fought the Sonoran Communists (1920-1923). It recurred as a civil war when the Sonoran Triumvires split (1923); and it became international when President Coolidge assisted Obregon-Calles against De la Huerta (1923-1924). It was again a civil war when Obregon-Calles, in order to clear the electoral field to insure the "election" of Obregon, persecuted and killed all possible opposition candidates (1927). Underlying all this pandemonium there has been a continuous, though sometimes obscured, war of the great majority of the Mexican people against the revolutionaries of all shades and descriptions.

In spite of Calles' rigid censorship and the indifference of the greater part of the American press to the facts about present-day Mexico (unless these happen to agree with the desires of Washington), the dispatches of the Associated Press and other news agencies daily bring reports of the muffled but terrible war now going on in the states of Nayarit, Jalisco, Chihuahua, Guanajuato, Zacatacas, Colima, Queretaro, Oaxaca, San Luis Potosi, Vera Cruz, Hidalgo, Morelos and Michoacan. Hence there is and has been in Mexico for eighteen years the very thing that interference on the part of Washington is supposed to avoid—war.

For a fair understanding of the matter we must define the only two possible kinds of war. There is militaristic or aggressive, and jural, or defensive, war. A militaristic war is fought for the sake of glory, conquest, greed, bigotry, hatred or jingoism, anything that tends to establish alleged rights which cannot be obtained otherwise; or to satisfy passions which cannot be gratified through civilized and peaceful means. This kind of war is nowadays universally condemned.

A jural war is waged for the sake of

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freeing forces unjustly oppressed, or to establish legitimate rights held in complete subjection. To eliminate from the social body elements which are certain to cause retrogression and perhaps disintegration is natural. Perhaps one of the more prominent features of the jural war is that, as soon as the armed conflict ceases, the former contending forces rearrange themselves and unite in peaceful progress. Witness the Civil War in the United States. And yet, a jural war is justifiable and as such universally approved, only when it is the sole means to recover the social equilibrium lost by the existence of disturbing factors. In the light of these premises let us examine the Mexican war.

The entire revolutionary movement started with the war of Madero and the I.W.W. against Porfirio Diaz, on the pretext of establishing "Effective Suffrage" and "No Re-election." It has been proved, and the revolutionaries acknowledge, that the Mexican people as a whole know neither how to vote, nor do they care to vote. Consequently the need of universal suffrage was not in existence and could not engender a right which could be liberated only by means of war. Those able and willing to vote were absolutely on the side of Diaz and had re-elected him. It follows that "No Re-election" was an issue which did not affect the rights of those who revolted, while it did affect the rights of those who had voted for the re-election of President Diaz. So, the fundamental conditions of a jural war were conspicuously lacking in the revolution against President Diaz, and such a war was from every point of view illegal and mischievous.

As the revolution progressed, every step showing more clearly the red thread which finally colored the entire maze, the revolutionaries professed to carry on the struggle in order to correct the errors of past Governments and to improve the conditions of the people by setting factors free heretofore unjustly held in abeyance.

This contention is utterly false. The revolutionaries never have understood the problems of the country nor do they care for anything except their own profit guaranteed by keeping in the good graces of the United States.

After more than fourteen years of Red domination, the Mexican people are perishing while the revolutionaries have fought over the spoils and wasted energy for no reasonable purpose, unless the satisfaction of their brutal passions can be considered as such.

This confirms the outlaw character of the war waged by the Communists against the Mexican people, since it proves that the revolution does not represent forces capable of being reorganized and adjusted as elements of progress once the struggle is ended.

We have then a right to affirm that Mexico has been and is the victim of an uncivilized and unethical war motivated by jealousy, selfishness, intolerance, bigotry, vengeance, greed and lust. Truly an unlawful, improductive, devastating war without justifiable ends.

Going deeply into the causes of this war it is plain that Mexico is being used as a tool of Communism, the purpose of which is the infusion of Communism into the United States and, as the Communists say, the destruction of "American Imperialism." If any one doubts the accuracy of this statement, let him read Secretary Kellogg's report to the Senate, January 12, 1927. Or let him read a statement of Portes Gil, the successor to Calles as President of Mexico, in a statement given to the press and reported in the "New York Times" as follows: "I asked General Obregon if when he assumed the Presidential office, he would help me to arrange a three-year trip of study in Russia."

Yet, incredible as it seems, the State Department persists in fostering the Mexican puppets of Communism, even at the risk of damaging the prestige of the Government, as in the following instance..

On August 30, 1928, the Associated Press reported that John A. Valls, District Attorney in Laredo, Texas, made public his answer to the State Department in regard to the Mexican Government's threat to remove its consulate from Laredo. The origin of the trouble was that the Mexican Government wanted the co-operation of the American District Attorney in apprehending certain Mexican refugees alleged to be involved in Obregon's assassination. When the District Attorney refused to do this, the State Department interposed its influence. This brought from the District Attorney an answer in which he states that he refused admittance to his office or to cultivate friendly relations with the representatives of Calles' "Government," because there is evidence connecting Obregon and Calles with the murder of General Lucio Blanco and Colonel Aurelio Martinez, committed in Laredo, Texas, on June 7, 1922. "For this reason," continues the District Attorney, "There can be no friendly relations between violators of the law or their representatives and the District Attorney of this Judicial District. I shall continue to refuse admittance to my office to the representatives of a Government that has so flagrantly transgressed the laws of Texas. The

Underwood

GENERAL PERSHING AND GENERAL BLISS

During the punitive expedition against Villa in 1916

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State Department becomes an impudent intruder when it attempts to interpose its powerful influence in behalf of violators of the law, no matter how high their station or how contemptible their character."

At the same time, the Associated Press reported from Washington that the officials of the State Department had no comment to make on District Attorney Valls' reply.

This is exactly and has been for the last fourteen years the attitude of Washington toward Mexico. All laws, internal, international, human and divine, have been transgressed by the small armed minority which dominates Mexico by terror, and the Mexican people are powerless to subdue and punish the outlaws, because Washington has been always "interposing its powerful influence," and the material resources of the United States on behalf of the violators of the law.

The difference is that while a State District Attorney in the United States, and for that matter any citizen of this country, can fearlessly stand for his rights, or rebuke and silence the State Department, the Mexican people have no direct recourse whatever against Washington, and even an appeal to American public opinion (which must be the highest tribunal in a democracy) may fail because of legal deficiencies.

The legal institutions of the United States are specially designed to protect its people against all despotisms. Its courts of justice, congress and free expression of public opinion act as impassible barriers to any misuse of the Presidential power in internal matters. But when dealing with international affairs, this power becomes practically unlimited, with the aggravating circumstance that the President can omit or deny information on the ground of public interest.

This is why the foreign policy of the United States is considered anywhere, and particularly in Latin America, as autocratic and arbitrary, and frequently tinged by privilege.

BE THAT as it may, the fundamental error of Washington's Mexican policy has been interference beyond well-known principles of international law. This error originated in the mistake of regarding the Mexican problem as one in which the United States had a predominant interest, either purely moral, as claimed by President Wilson, or confined to material considerations, as conceived by the present Administration.

Under the materialistic interpretation, it is commonly believed that the wealth of Mexico belongs almost entirely to foreigners, the United States citizens being in the majority, while the Mexicans make a living by selling their services to the foreigners. On this hypothesis the Mexican problem could be solved if only foreign rights were recognized and protected by those in control in Mexico, regardless of the origin of their power or of their attitude toward the Mexican people.

The truth is that foreigners do not own and never have owned more than ten per cent of the developed wealth of Mexico. They have been and continue to be insulted, persecuted, deprived of their properties and in many cases assassinated. But they have never constituted at any time more than five per cent of the population of Mexico, and they have suffered much less, in proportion, than have the Mexicans themselves. Furthermore, foreigners can appeal to their Governments for protection, which sooner or later must be accorded, while the Mexicans have no possible appeal to anybody.

IN ORDER to grasp the case in its entirety, it must be remembered that the moral issue involved was created by President Wilson himself, and under no construction of international law could this be made a basis for interference. On the other hand the material issue, which is the direct result of his meddling and which has been kept alive to this very day by the ceaseless activities of Washington, can hardly create the right of intervention or even a claim, except one against the United States.

Therefore no solution will be possible until it is recognized that the problem is essentially a Mexican one and can be solved only by the Mexicans themselves.

Through thirty-four years of constructive achievements (1876-1910) the Mexicans, without foreign interference, demonstrated their ability not only to govern their country as a civilized nation, but reached such heights that they became the leaders of Latin America. Since the influence of the United States was felt in Mexican internal affairs, more than 600,000 Mexicans have been killed in revolution; hundreds are being killed every week in the muffled war going on behind the smoke-screen of "diplomatic triumphs" and cordial relations with the United States. More than 1,000,000 people, most of them infants, have perished because of pestilence and famine; more than 3,000,000 have come to the United States to escape starvation and persecution, without counting those who have gone to other countries.

Most of the fields are unseeded, most of the industries paralyzed, commerce crippled and railroad service destroyed. Leaders in every walk of life have been killed or exiled. Debauchery has taken the place of education and public morality. Schools and colleges have been closed or converted into agencies through which "cranks" preach wild theories. Museums, libraries, laboratories and other means of scientific advancement have been either bartered away or destroyed. Institutions of charity created and sustained by private funds have disappeared or are used as sources of grafting. Banks have been looted, and for many years the national currency was inflated to the point of general bankruptcy.

The law of the land has been abrogated and substituted by a "hodge-podge" under which representative government, property rights, freedom of commerce, industry, press, speech and conscience, security of invested capital and national and private credit have disappeared.

A SLIGHT comparison of the last ten years of the Diaz régime and the last decade of Communist domination will give a graphic picture of Mexico's present plight.

From 1901 to 1911 the total federal revenue under Diaz amounted in round figures to $482,000,000 of which, after covering the expenses of a good administration and the best public improvements Mexico has had, $65,000,000 remained in the National Treasury as surplus.

From 1919 to 1928 the total federal revenue of the Communists has been in round figures $1,426,000,000, and there is not a cent of surplus, while the national debt has increased from approximately $200,000,000 to more than $1,000,000,000, without improvements of real public benefit or even payment of interest on the debt.

The army of Diaz in his last ten years did not exceed 15,000 men and the expenses for army and navy were less than $83,000,000; while in the same period the Communists have had at times as many as 300,000 soldiers and never less than 100,000, and the expenses of this "army" have been over $600,000,000. In other words, the Communists, pretending to rule Mexico

(*Please Turn to Page 1182*)

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

DOES England still stand committed to acceptance of the French military policy on the continent of Europe, ask some of the British newspapers, now that the Anglo-French program for navy limitation has failed because of the opposition of the United States? That is the chief concern expressed in regard to the publication of the official apologies for the Anglo-French naval accord in the British "White Paper" and the French "Blue Paper." Every one is agreed now that many of the rumors about this accord were mistaken; the evidence shows that there was no definite arrangement for joint use of the British and French fleets and bases in an emergency, no plot to nullify the Washington Conference treaty establishing the principle of naval equality between Great Britain and the United States, no scheme for an Anglo-French alliance in European diplomacy. But the question of assent to the French military position on the continent remains.

"For no reason yet intelligible," says the London "Daily News," "a bargain was effected whereby, in return for French limitation of ocean-going submarines, France was given a military dictatorship of Europe and military disarmament was swept away at one stroke." This is the meaning read into the British acceptance of the French basis of maintaining armies by conscription, and thus building up large classes of trained reserves without counting these reserves as part of the military forces. The London "Daily Telegraph" presumes that this Anglo-French understanding lapses together with the naval plan. France, it argues, will return to her advocacy of limitation of navies according to their total tonnage, with liberty to build any type of ship desired within the prescribed limit; while Great Britain, with her volunteer army system, will resume her argument for the inclusion of army reserves in any general plan to regulate fighting strength. But this does not yet appear to be certain.

The popular desire which persists is undoubtedly voiced by the London "Times" in its expression of a hope that a way may yet be found for further reduction of expenditures for armies and navies. The continuing pressure of demand by the taxpayers upon Governments to reach an agreement to cut these highest of all national costs, is the one consistent force that may lead eventually to practical disarmament.

Meanwhile it is well to remember the warning sounded by the "Manchester Guardian." "That this naval agreement made a mockery of disarmament (which it was ostensibly designed to promote), matters far less than that it involves a conception of foreign policy which leads inexorably to war. Nothing in foreign politics is more certain than that a system of private alliances and other less clearly defined arrangements of mutual defense will lead to war, even though it may be quite impossible to know when or between whom the war will be."

WHETHER to do anything about the present plan for German payment of war damages is "a question also troubling Great Britain, in view of the proposal for a new international committee of economic experts to revise the Dawes Plan. Evidently, the British Government, having established the principle of balancing the amounts that her Allies must pay her on their war debts against the amount she must pay the United States, would be content to let matters rest. But," observes the London "Times," "both Germany and France have their own particular reasons for urgency.

"These reasons do not so strongly appeal to Great Britain. Yet there is a reason, the strongest reason of all, why Great Britain should play an active part. . . . We cannot be in the position of a tamely consenting party to an arrangement—a bargain, perhaps—between France and Germany."

The Dawes Plan seems still to be working well, the "Times" argues further, and Germany, with its aid, appears to have recovered her financial stability. "Why not let sleeping problems lie? Why not defer the final settlement of the reparations problem until that happy day when all the Powers shall have settled their differences over the ultimate principles of international indebtedness?"

Uncle Sam may pay slight heed to this oblique reference to him. But with the Administration at Washington refusing stoutly to admit any connection between settlement of war damages and war debts, both France and Germany are certain to take note of it and to consider that the "happy day" is too far off and uncertain to make it worth while to delay efforts to adjust further the many prospective difficulties over reparations.

SOVIET RUSSIA thinks she has won a victory for the principles of the Bolshevik revolution from American capital. The occasion is the contract between the Amtorg, the Soviet trading agency in the United States, and the International General Electric Company. "A lesson to all the Soviet's critics," a writer in the Moscow "Economic Life" calls it, "from the State Department at Washington to the London 'Times'."

Soviet satisfaction is based on the assumption that the General Electric Company has waived its claims against the Soviet Government to compensation for property confiscated in the Communist revolution. This is the meaning given to a reported "settlement of the former claims" of the company, in view of expectations of new business. As Walter Duranty, the correspondent of the New York "Times," writes from Moscow, it has always been the contention of the Soviet tacticians that the problem of claims for compensation could eventually be adjusted in this way through concessions and trade.

The writer in "Economic Life" further argues that there is a contradiction between the policy of Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce and candidate for President, to extend the foreign field for American industry, and the policy of the State Department in refusing diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government. The "break in the credit blockade," as "Economic Life" terms it, is taken by the "Pravda" as an augury of early recognition by the United States. This organ of the Central Executive Committee of the Russian Communist Party remarks: "To say that one can trade without giving recognition is to talk like a small shop owner and not like a serious business man."

Perhaps—but that is the line the United States has been following with success; and the experience of other Powers with diplomatic relations has proved unprofitable and troublesome.

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The Governor's Olives

By MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

I WATCHED it all from my upstairs porch. First the loud pounding on the front gate. Lao-chang, the gateman, ambled forth to open it. In dashed four guards on horseback, almost knocking over the sleepy old man. And after them came a motley crowd of gray clad soldiers. Then the official sedan chair swung up toward the front veranda and I could see my husband go out to meet it. The chair was lowered and out stepped the city magistrate. He bowed and my husband bowed. He wiped the perspiration from his brow as though the exertion of walking two rods on a spring day were overmuch for his dignity. My husband motioned to chairs under the flowering peach trees, and after due ceremony they were seated.

I thought of going down to the kitchen to see that the best covered cups and the mail-order gum drops should surely adorn the tea table, for after all a magistrate is a magistrate. But scarcely were they seated than boys appeared with trays of steaming tea and the great compartmental laquer bowl of sweetmeats. No need for my concern, the cook also had a reputation to uphold. I went back to my couch and paid little attention to the conversation almost beneath me until I heard my husband say,

"Yes, we have heard the honorable governor, Ma Lien-cha, is coming to Luchowfu."

"Indeed, we are quite overcome by his graciousness in visiting our humble county," answered the magistrate.

I thought to myself the magistrate had chosen his words well. The whole city was overcome; every one, particularly the wealthy ones, would remain extremely nervous until after the visit of our avaricious governor. He had such taking ways with the taxes. No woman would be seen on the street while one of his five thousand soldiers remained.

"The governor has sent word that he wishes to inspect the schools while in our city," continued the magistrate, "and he might be pleased to see the honorable school of your worthy self. After seeing the unworthy Chinese schools it would be a treat for him to spend a few moments in a high-class Western school."

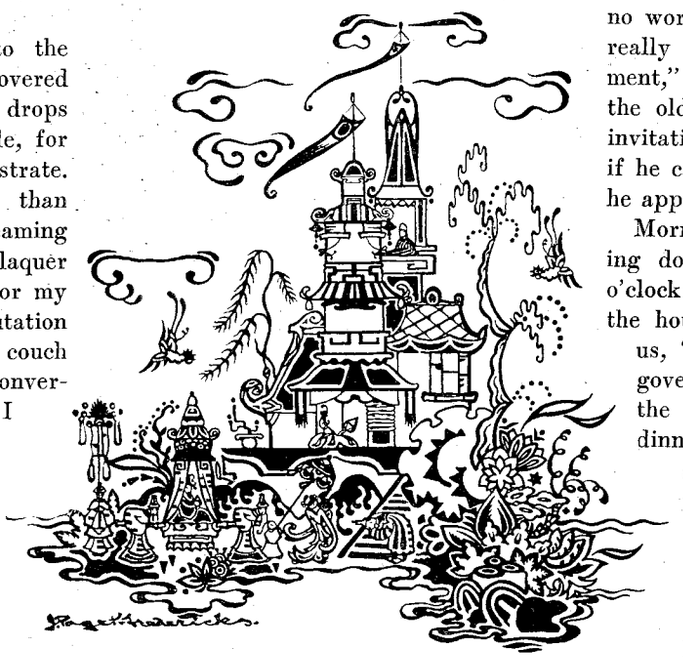
"We would be charmed; we would be honored; he would be most welcome," responded my husband.

The magistrate proceeded. "The governor might drink a cup of tea and sample these delicious foreign cakes."

"We would be charmed; we would be honored; he would be most welcome," my husband repeated with proper emphasis.

"In fact, he does sometimes eat foreign food, I am told," suggested the magistrate, whose duty it was to furnish General Ma with amusement during his visit.

My husband rose to the occasion. "We would be more happy than we have words to express to have the honor of the governor's presence for dinner with us."



"I doubt if he can come," answered the magistrate. "Every one is inviting him and he will be very busy, but I will be glad to deliver your urgent invitation. If he can come it will have to be tomorrow noon. And if he is coming I will send runners to let you know before ten this evening."

I sighed. A touch of the sun had left me in anything but an entertaining mood. And yet I was curious to see the man. I knew he was one of the great men of China, a super-tuchun. He had started life as a water-carrier and by sheer force of personality had raised himself to be dictator of a large section of the republic. He crushed those who opposed him; he built up his army at the expense of all public works; his name was a terror beyond the borders of the province. But now he was making a tour of the large cities in the pose of an illustrious public benefactor. He exercised the beneficent charm of a starving lion.

I thought of the stories I had heard about this man. Illiterate he was; the only character he could write was his name which he signed to bills, to opium collections, to death warrants. Death warrants! he seldom stopped for that formality. Usually for him there was just one punishment and he administered it liberally.

Evening came and with it a heavy, cold rain. But ten o'clock passed and no word from the magistrate. "He really does have another appointment," said my husband. "Perhaps the old duck wasn't fishing for an invitation. I thought it was queer if he came so near to meaning what he appeared to say."

Morning found the rain still coming down in torrents. About ten o'clock Lao-chang came rushing into the house. Between gasps he told us, "The governor and the vice-governor, two other generals and the magistrate will be here for dinner at twelve. The magistrate sent runners to tell you last night but they waited for the rain to stop and got to gambling and forgot and now he is having them beaten and—"

But I heard no more. One hour and a half before dinner. I sent to our nearest American neighbor to borrow her cook, table boy, salad forks, bouillon cups, and whatever fish, fowl or flowers she might have on hand. My husband dispatched servants to invite other guests, fourteen in all, he told me. But knowing my husband's inability to count the number of guests he invites, I had the table laid for sixteen.

Faithful Lao-chang flew out into the rain and cut flowers for the vases; fires appeared on the hearths; pennies were wrapped in red paper to be given to the governor's servants and soldiers. (It is the custom when one does not feed the servants of guests to give them pennies.) "How many soldiers will he bring," I asked. "Not more than thirty all told," replied Lao-chang firm-

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ly. "He is very modern and knows the foreign customs."

I went to the kitchen to view the progress of Gao Sz-fu, the cook. Grim and determined, he was fluting the edges of pastry shells. His white apron was covered with a little of everything he had touched that day. His straight hair stood out from under his cap wildly. I knew he could work like lightning but never had I seen him so sure and swift.

TOGETHER we planned how we might stretch the dinner into as many courses as possible, for honor to a guest is shown by the number of courses.

Exactly at twelve o'clock we heard the bugles in our street, followed by the knocking at our gate. Firecrackers were popping everywhere. Again I watched from the upstairs porch. Soldiers, guards, bannerbearers, sedan chairs, mounted police swept into the yard as dry leaves before a gale. They were everywhere at once, but through them swung the governor's chair and with staccato commands from the carriers he was deposited safely at our front steps. What an impressive old gentleman he was. Tall, more than six feet, his slight stoop seeming to add to his dignity. His long satin gown, instead of imparting the soft, effeminate look of so many officials, seemed to make him more masculine, more virile. Suddenly I had a desire to see this man more closely, this maker of millions and beheader of men, this arrogant ignoramus hated by the people and passionately loved by his few friends. I decided to go down to meet him.

When I entered the drawing room the men were all on their feet, as deferential as though I myself had been a man! Only to Western women do they accord this equality. The Chinese surgeon presented me to the general. Ma Lien-cha bowed low. I gave him my hand, Western fashion, and he was greatly pleased.

"Madam is very gracious to invite us to dinner," he said in the crisp Peking dialect.

"The honor is ours," I answered. "We are truly overcome that Ma Lien-cha himself should so honor us."

"I trust Madam is dining with us," he continued. "It would be a pleasure long to embellish one's memory." His energetic little goatee bobbed back and forth as he talked.

"Indeed, I am quite overcome by your Excellency's gracious suggestion, but it could not be."

He laughed. "Oh, but, Madam, I have dined with women before. In Shanghai. Is it not the American custom? Men and women of an equality; perhaps the women higher." He spoke with glee as though it were a theory he had invented himself for our amusement.

I well knew the sort of women who would dine with him in Shanghai; courtesans, geisha girls. But he knew our customs, why not follow them? My husband nodded approval; our friends insisted. So I led the way to the dining room. General Ma was seated at my husband's right, the magistrate beside me. "We will have a prayer," said the surgeon. The men stood with bowed heads.

"It is very curious," said General Ma when he was seated. "Why should men pray? General Feng and all his soldiers pray; they thank God for their favors. But I, I thank no one—except sometimes my hosts. For all I get I have worked. The gods do not give to me and they cannot take from me. Did not the great teacher Confucius let the gods take care of themselves? This life has enough of problems."

And the men were plunged into a philosophical discussion. Through three courses they argued in an earnest, friendly manner, General Ma always adding his statement with an air of finality, and that quick little jerk of his wiry goatee.

WE WERE struggling with squabs, when Number 1 boy leaned down beside me and whispered, "There are ninety-six soldiers and they refuse money. They want their dinner and they want it now. They must be pleased; yesterday night they upset the tables at the Djou ancestral home because the food did not suit them."

"Tell the school cooks to prepare the rice quickly and order the vegetables and meats from the caterers, twelve bowls to a table." And exactly forty minutes later the soldiers were eating contentedly.

Our fifth course consisted of Neapolitan spaghetti. "It is the Italian national dish," my husband informed them gravely. He knew of my frantic efforts to "think up enough courses" on the spur of the moment. Our one American guest gave no sign that it was not always customary to serve spaghetti in the midst of a formal dinner. General Ma was delighted. "Italy I have never seen. My life has been too busy to travel beyond the Middle Kingdom. But to eat of their food is delight. Here we have the assets of a visit to Italy without the liabilities of travel."

Our seventh course was chicken and egg, seasoned and combined in the Japanese fashion. "The Japanese call this dish 'Mother and Child'," explained my husband. "Ai-aw, they are a clever people," laughed the governor, "who would expect so much of pleasure and surprise from a mere mother and child. Long have I known we should learn military tactics from the Japanese. Now also they may teach us a new flavor for our weary appetites."

But his appetite did not appear weary when he tasted an Indian dish of curry, meat and peppers. "I know India," he said, "for I have seen the turbaned policemen of Shanghai. The British bring them here to strike terror in our hearts. Very fierce they are. No doubt it is this hot food which gives them courage. I think I shall feed it to my soldiers. Strength from beyond the seas for my army!" He glowed with the air of an international potentate.

The eleventh course was chili con carne. "It is the Mexican national dish," contributed my husband. General Ma beamed; he sat erect as though surrounded by international splendor.

The governor tried each new variety of food with a thoughtful tongue. If it pleased him, he quickly took another generous mouthful, and another. If he chanced upon a bit he did not care for, he simply and skillfully spit that bit upon the floor, his dextrous tongue working with such rapidity it seemed as though the fish bones flew out of his ear. The other generals followed suit, never realizing that instead of a dog under the table, Chinese style, we had a rug. But they had not General Ma's aptitude.

ALL THROUGH the meal the three table boys had been busy passing and repassing the jellies, conserves and pickles of every sort. Evidently the cook was bound to make an impression. The olives alone had been set near me and overlooked. Suddenly General Ma stood up. I thought he was about to make a speech. He selected his salad fork, jerked up his satin cuff, stretched out his arm, and reached clear down that long table and literally speared an olive. Then he speared another, and another and another. When he had eight he sat down without comment and ate them. He was not the sort to let a new experience sit before him untasted. "The

(*Please Turn to Page 1184*)

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From the Life

Three Days

By IBBY HALL

AT NINETEEN one has acquired all the wisdom of youth, and most of the cynicism of maturity. A young man of Brooklyn who has recently arrived at this nice balance of philosophy, still views the grand passion with a suspicious and derisive eye.

It was on a certain Wednesday that this youth of nineteen decided to serve up the gentle art of love for his own entertainment. Of course he had an advantage over other lads his own age. He had a sister—a girl whose closet was as full of delicate colors and fragile furbelows as her mind, in his estimation, was full of unsubstantial fancies. Well, that's what most of this sex stuff amounted to. Most of it was clothes and the rest of it just an idea. Why shouldn't he have some fun with it?

His sister being out, the youth hied himself to her closet. Here he inspected her wardrobe with a judicious eye. Pink, that was the color that turned the trick. He chose a pink dress. Then he turned his attention to the hats. Turbans now were all the rage, and what could be more delicately alluring than a turban of purest white offsetting a costume of shell pink?

He had never been called a pretty boy, but when he surveyed himself on that sunshiny afternoon of Indian summer, he was enormously satisfied with the girlish beauty that looked at him from the mirror. Certainly he was quite as good-looking as that girl, his sister, and if he knew his onions as well as she, he was in for some entertaining happenings.

Sauntering carelessly about the room, he practiced for a few minutes the flapper walk. It was a sort of cross between feminine relaxation and boyish swagger. He felt he had it down to perfection, but the house was no place to practice it; he would be safer in the street.

Once in the street he was not so sure. His sister was a popular girl in the neighborhood. Her clothes were doubtless well known for several blocks, perhaps further. Perhaps he would be better out of Brooklyn. He started to reach involuntarily for the pocket where he kept his cash. Then he remembered in the nick of time. Luckily he had not forgotten to swipe a hand-bag.

Even in New York he felt uneasy. Some one might recognize him—or the costume. He didn't even begin to feel safe until he had reached the Y.W.C.A. in Newark.

In his gentlest and highest treble, the creature in pink inquired at the desk with becoming earnestness if he might have a room for the night.

"Single or double?" inquired the dragon, carelessly.

The vision in pink caught its breath. For a moment the hazardous world revolved like a merry-go-round. This was beyond his airiest speculations. He drew a deep breath, but before he could muster once more his delicate treble, the dragon had fixed him with one eye and settled the affair.

"Here's a very nice single one," she said, decidedly. "You can take that."

IF WEDNESDAY had been successful, Thursday was hilarious. Newark, he found to his delight, was full of yearning males. A pink skirt and a white turban seemed to hold a magic promise of glamour and romance for the most ordinary passer-by. Down one street and up another sauntered the happy creature in pink. There were those that walked beside it for a spell; those who followed at a discreet distance, and those who looked longingly from afar off. The nineteen-year-old vamp could have his pick. He took them as they fell. By evening he was booked for three motor rides. By nightfall he was engaged to be married.

The successful suitor pressed his case eloquently and impetuously. When would she be his? There was no use in delaying matters! Nothing could be more certain than that these two were affinities. The very fact that they had recognized each other so swiftly was proof that they were intended for mates from the beginning!

The white turban drooped lower. The girlish treble faltered out a promise. He was a terribly ardent fellow—he really shouldn't rush her so—but, well, if he was so certain that he meant it, what about tomorrow?

It was all settled; tomorrow afternoon they would be married.

When he returned that night to the Newark Y.W.C.A., the bride-to-be had his moment of triumph. Already that independent feeling of the woman about to own her own home had taken possession of him. These havens of respectability were too tame. He would remove himself to a hotel.

But this time he had reckoned without his hotel clerk. He had allowed the wisdom of youth to underestimate that other wisdom which is at once the most jaded and the most profound known to traveling humanity.

The hotel clerk gave the once-over to the girl in pink. He asked the bride-to-be to sign the register, the while he observed that glow and sparkle of girlish happiness with all the gentle cynicism born of disillusion. This was a girl who seemed too happy, even to a hotel clerk. Certainly she was not drunk. Neither was she young or frightened enough to be seeing the great world for the first time. There was only one answer to that bubble of gaiety. This girl had left home.

The next morning was Friday—and the police arrived promptly. They asked politely for the runaway girl reported to them by the hotel management, and when they were introduced to her, they invited her for a ride.

THE POLICE were delighted with their pretty passenger, but they were old dogs and puzzled ones, and this was no way for a girl prisoner to behave. She ought to be crying or coaxing them, working on their feelings or something like that; instead of which the pretty creature seemed about to expire with joy over this latest episode. Where was the joke?

It was too good a joke to keep, and the prisoner was too charmed at his opportunity for telling it.

But when they reached headquarters the nineteen-year-old bride-to-have-been looked doubtfully at the charge preferred against him.

"Masquerading as a woman," he repeated. "Is that serious?" he asked.

The Newark police sternly and sagely nodded their heads. "You bet it's serious," they assured him fervently.

"Well, say," inquired the pink lady, anxiously, "couldn't you change it to a boyish prank or something like that?"

The police hesitated. Then they looked each other in the eye and for once rose magnificently to the privilege of being human.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

MUCH of artistic New York is now engaged in telling its friends what a pity it is that they did not go to see Charles Hopkins's presentation of Paul Raynal's "Unknown Warrior" before Broadway's lack of appreciation forced its withdrawal.

Produced originally at the Comédie Francaise in Paris, in 1924, and then subsequently put on in Stockholm, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden and Moscow, it even found its way to Wyndhams Theatre in London last season. "It was almost worth having war, to have so fine a play," George Bernard Shaw said of the piece, known in the French original as "le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe." "Every intelligent sensitive person should see it," remarked St. John Ervine, lately arrived from London to be dramatic critic and sage for the New York "World."

Luckily, we saw it.

And we have to report about the same mixture of emotions in beholding it as probably went into the writing of it. For an unresolved mixture, it is; compounded equally of dramatic poem and tragic drama, written with a too obvious symbolism apparent in its texture, and marred by an almost constant struggle (most plainly evident in the depiction of the Soldier himself) between the emotional natural expression of the characters themselves, and the intellectual belief of the playwright that each one is a symbolic type. Basically, at least so far as American audiences are concerned, we would wager a great deal that this flaw in the playwright's work, whereby an actor is both an emotional participant in a scene and also a bystander voicing the playwright's intellectual remarks about himself—this flaw is what did for the Broadway production.

Because otherwise "The Unknown Warrior" is a play of such fine perceptions, conceived and written with such psychological insight and striking so deep into the mazes of human emotion that it would be noteworthy in any age. For the ordinary American who wants a comparison, it might be said to begin, in point of perception and insight into human nature, about where Christopher Morley's "Thunder On The Left" stopped.

Just as a yarn, it is the simple and moving story of one night in the life of a French soldier of good family: the night wherein he returns on leave to his fiancée and his father, in his own chateau and, through the stress of circumstances, gradually reveals all that the war has done to him; in his emotions, his spiritual beliefs and perceptions, his changed vision of society and individual truth, and his relationship to these two people whom he has loved and is about to give his life for. He has practically sold himself to death, by accepting a desperate volunteer mission beyond the trenches in exchange for this one night of life again at home.

His father, he finds, is unconsciously in love with his fiancée, and the strain of war has so tugged at his fiancée's emotions as well as his own that even love appears in a different guise to them—so different that for hours they are unable to recognize it for the romantic emotion they had at parting, an emotion that has fled. In anguish and passion and conflict they spend the night in her bedroom in a heartrending marriage, in the eyes of God, during which their emotions box the entire compass—despair, deception, truth, anguish, admiration and at last love once more: a new and unrecognizable depth of love.

SO TERRIFIC an experience is it, of the human soul struggling through its emotional and spiritual adventure, that all convention falls away and the stark psychic realities of existence emerge into the dawn of the last day—with such conviction that, for our part, we were precisely as astounded and outraged as the Unknown Soldier when the father accused him of immorality because he had spent the night, unmarried, with his fiancée, whom he had sworn to protect. Why, this old man was in a different world. He knew nothing of this new world which war and this night had created for the two young people.

Given the background of a French audience who have lived through this same war, and granted an excellence in the poetic imagery which a translation of another language seldom affords, and remembering, finally, the ability of the French actor to deliver lines which the Anglo-Saxon forever finds self-conscious—with these differences, we can imagine it very close to a great play.

As we saw it, however, with the symbolism recited somewhat after the manner of a Longfellow poem at Commencement, it lost ground at every appearance of the Intellectual Serpent and only held us when the drama shook off all its author's trappings and became life itself—notably where the Soldier described to his fiancée, in the quiet bedroom, how his Colonel had finally given him this leave in exchange for his life.

Some such story lay in the lives of the hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who died saying "They Shall Not Pass." And this scene we shall not forget.

The book should be worth reading. For Paul Raynal discloses himself as more poet than playwright. We do not pity any one who did not see the play in New York.

IN FACT, our supply of pity must be running very low this season. Because we have just seen the Marx Brothers in their new concoction "Animal Crackers" and while we enjoyed it we feel no urge to commiserate with those who haven't and maybe won't.

Harpo and Groucho are as funny as ever, when they get the opportunity; and as clowns the four brothers give a performance almost continuously good. But just clowning and nothing more makes too great a demand upon the risibles, when there is nothing else worth hearing or seeing in a play. To be most effective humor needs contrast.

Mediocre people, poor songs, unimaginative settings (except for the last act), a lame plot—this is the frame of the Marx Brothers picture. And it does not set them off well. To remember the "Cocoanuts" and then to reflect upon the present show is to wish for the good old days.

And yet we suppose we will be going about for many weeks, just the same, telling people they should hear the dialogue in the last act wherein the brothers turn detectives, in order to find a stolen painting, and end by building an imaginary house, at a table, with such disagreements over the details that everything disappears in the welter of an insane argument. This was worthy of Alice in Wonderland. And you don't find that every evening, this fall.

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The World This Week

Announcement

This issue of the Outlook and Independent went to press in the last hours of the campaign; in fact the presses were running as the country went to the polls. Consequently this department appears for the first time in many months without comment on the campaign; for obviously by the time this issue reaches the reader the election of 1928 will be in the post-mortem stage. Another week and we shall take up the burden again; in the meantime we confess a feeling of relief.

Counsel from Mr. Taft

Professor Henry W. Farnam, of Yale, having noted our report of ex-President Taft's letter predicting evil consequences from introducing prohibition to the Federal Constitution, has sent us an extract from the address by Mr. Taft, subsequent to that letter, at the Yale Alumni luncheon in June, 1923.

Nothing in the address negatives what Mr. Taft said in the letter. Mr. Taft has not denied the existence of the evils which he said would come; but he supplements his predictions with advice. After pointing out that many of those who are among the first to complain of mob violence feel no obligation to protest against the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act which they do not like, Mr. Taft added the following:

"I was opposed to prohibition. I was opposed to it because I thought there would be great difficulty in its enforcement, it being more or less like a sumptuary law. Second, I was opposed to it because I thought it too greatly enlarged the power of the central Government, already too large; and, third, I was opposed to it because, introduced into National politics, we would never as long as it remained the subject of political discussion settle any other issue clearly and emphatically by the judgment of all the people, because some extremes on both sides would insist on thrusting prohibition into the campaign every time there was an election.

"Now those were good reasons. At least I thought so. But the vote was against me and those who thought with me, as the people before have indicated that they sometimes differed with me. They did then. Now, as all good citizens should, I claim to play the game. When a two-thirds majority of Congress and three fourths of the State Legislatures adopt a Constitutional amendment, and a majority of each House of Congress passes a law to enforce it, the rules of the game of popular government are that all living under that government must obey. It is not patriotic, it is not sportsmanlike to evade or disobey.

"I have confidence, however, that when the intelligent, the patriotic, and the well-to-do, as well as the plain people, face the real issue, when they see whither we are tending in making fun of the law and of its violation, all of which tends to lead to support those who are engaged in violating it, when they realize that others not so patriotic, and who are evilly minded are only too glad to bring about a demoralization of all law, as the open violations of the liquor law necessarily tend to do, then I believe we shall rouse ourselves and create a public opinion through self-discipline.

"What's the difference between a people not fitted for self-government and one that should be and is so fitted? I know from my own experience. In this country when a man commits a crime, the sympathy of all the people is for the law officers who are trying to apprehend the man who is guilty of the crime. In the Philippines the attitude was one of complete indifference. It was a game in which they watched the man who was trying to get away and the man who was trying to catch him, and they never had the impulse to help or the spirit of the *posse comitatus*."

Acme

DIPLOMATS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford leaving the White House after having luncheon with President Coolidge

Reason or Emotion?

Research workers of the National Education Association have been looking into the case of the married woman teacher. The survey finds the opposition still in the saddle. A survey of 1,532 cities having more than 2,500 population discloses these facts: 598 cities, or thirty-nine per cent, appoint married women as new teachers; 930 cities, or 60.7 per cent, do not.

In 385 cities, or 25.1 per cent, married teachers are required to resign at once; 390, or 25.5 per cent, require their resignation at the end of the school year; 733, or 47.8 per cent, permit them to continue their work.

The reason for this discrimination does not appear; perhaps it is not reason but emotion.

"Thrill Slayers"

A few days after William Hickman had been hanged, two undergraduates at the University of Georgia were arrested and charged with a series of hold-ups that ended in murder. Money was not the incentive; they were young men of means and of good family. "Thrill slayers" said the press, and that loose tabloid phrase will do for the moment. Hardly had these youthful killers receded from the front pages when a boy of seventeen strangled his fifteen-year old sweetheart in a cottage on Staten Island. Here "thrill slayer" was not so apt; "insanity" appeared in the headlines. These murders, coming so soon after Hickman had paid the extreme penalty, seem to make nonsense of the argument that punishment is a deterrent. And what do they make of the nature of modern youth? The list

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of such obscurely motivated crimes grows by the month. Loeb and Leopold; Gordon Pirie who killed his chum with an axe "to see what it was like;" Harrison Noel, honor student, who murdered a little girl and a negro taxicab driver; William Cavalier, who killed his grandmother—what has happened to their generation? Is it, as a recent writer asserts, the "Jung generation"?

▸▸Sea-Going Sundaes

ALL OF THE PROGRESS in the prohibition age is not, so to speak, backward. It is widely assumed that all steamship lines bidding for American patronage take care to have the most modern and elaborately equipped bars. Not a few passengers travel not to broaden themselves but to drink.

But just at the time when this was reaching a point where action by Mrs. Willebrandt loomed, the Venezuela of the Panama Mail Line steamed out of New York with a complete soda fountain. The passengers, said the officials of the line, had demanded it and now would be served nut sundaes and milk shakes at sea.

All of this, however, proves exactly nothing, in so far as the touching moral is concerned. The alcoholic bar on the Venezuela will continue to operate.

▸▸Rubber Monopoly Ended

ON NOVEMBER 1 the British law, known as the Stevenson Act, designed to limit the supply and thus raise the price of rubber, came to an end.

When that law was enacted the British Empire produced so large a proportion of the world's rubber supply that such a law could and did increase prices to the consumer in this country and elsewhere. One effect of the law, however, was at once to stimulate production in other countries. The Dutch East Indies, for example, which supplied less than a third of what the British plantations produced, began to increase their output. As soon as Dutch enterprise began to show this effort the Stevenson Act lost some of its effectiveness. The economic forces that the Stevenson Act put into operation would undoubtedly in the end have rendered that act nugatory.

But the process of breaking the British monopoly was undoubtedly hastened by the campaign of protest instituted by the American Government under the Department of Commerce. An investigation was conducted and the facts brought out were published widely. Waste in the use of rubber was diminished and the need for supplies controlled by American interests was brought to the consciousness of the American people. Scientists began to give their minds to the problem of producing synthetic rubber. Ford and Firestone hastened their plans for getting rubber from their own plantations in Brazil and Africa respectively. It is now stated that the danger of an international rubber monopoly is past. It will be impossible again to corner the market.

▸▸War Bills Again

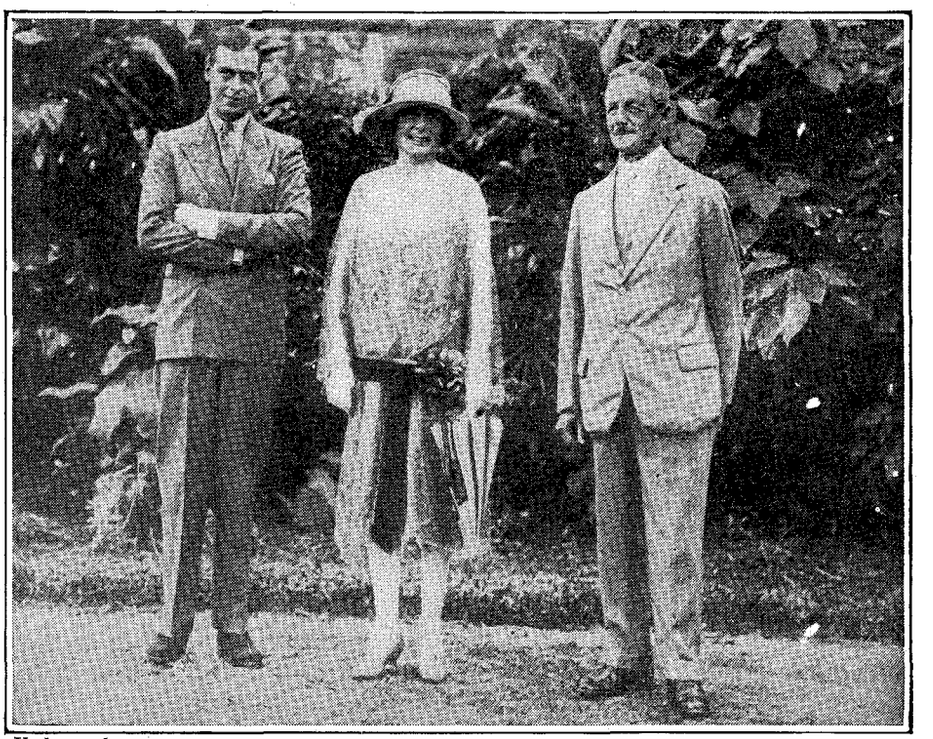
ONCE AGAIN the Allies, America, and Germany are to consider just how much Germany is to pay in war damages. But the big question to be settled is, out of whose pocket any reduction of the amount is to be taken.

The European Powers concerned decided at a conference on September 16 to appoint a new committee of experts, similar to the Dawes Commission, to study the problem. S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent General for Reparation Payments, followed this up by securing an agreement of France and Great Britain to the principle that the total of German payments must be definitely fixed.

Germany wants a committee made up of independent experts "untrammelled by official instructions"—that is to say, men free to act without political entanglements whose decisions shall be final. France opposes the German idea; she argues that however the committee may be composed, the governments must finally control all decisions.

In any event, the cut in reparations that Germany hopes to get under the new experts' plan is probably destined to be disappointing to her. The reasons are simple: The United States maintains that there is no relation between the payment of war damages and war debts; Great Britain maintains that she must collect from her Allies in war debts as much as she must pay the United States; France maintains that she must collect from Germany in war damages as much as she must pay the United States and Great Britain in debts, plus an adequate amount for restoration of her devastated districts; and these amounts, plus Belgian and other reparations, plus charges for the armies of occupation on the Rhine, and so on, come to nearly the annual amount set by the Dawes Plan.

The amount Germany is to pay may be fixed simply, as is proposed, by setting a term to the number of years she has to pay, instead of leaving this undetermined as it is now. But to achieve a reduction of reparation payments, some one will have to give way.



Underwood

A ROYAL VISITOR TO BERMUDA

Prince George, youngest son of King George of England, with Lady Bols and Lieut. Gen. Sir Louis Jean Bols, Governor of Bermuda

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Wisdom from Greece

To make certain that voters did not cast ballots more than once in the Presidential election in Nicaragua on November 4, the National Election Board—directed by United States Marine officers—took a leaf from the election book of the crafty Greeks, and the hand of each citizen passing through the polling places was marked with a chemical stain. The nature of the chemical solution was kept secret, so that a method might not be found to remove it; and the manner in which voters would be marked was also carefully concealed because of a fear that both the factions might try to mark their opponents in advance of election day and so prevent them from voting.

To the best of our knowledge Greece was the first land to adopt this practical method of curbing her too enthusiastic voting sons. Nowadays, when Greek meets Greek in a polling place, he holds up the index finger of his right hand. If it is a clean finger—comparatively—he votes; but if it shows traces of indelible ink he is unceremoniously ejected. In adapting a variation of the system, the Marines have assumed an entirely practical method of dealing with a somewhat troublesome problem.

Amid such conditions of probable falsification of the elections, if any way to accomplish it were open, the supervision of the Nicaraguan campaign by the United States has been conducted. The pre-election registration of voters resulted in a list of names without precedent in the history of the country.

The consequence of the careful provision made by the Marine officers to safeguard the balloting was a request for similar supervision in future campaigns. This was advanced first by General José Maria Moncada, the Liberal candidate; and his proposal was at once accepted by the Conservative candidate, Adolfo Benard. Both of them agreed that impartial control of the preparations for balloting has resulted in enjoyment of an electoral freedom that has safeguarded the best interests of the country. By doing an unpleasant job well, Uncle Sam may have got himself appointed to it for an indefinite time unless he resigns positively now.

Bank Accounts

A police inspector in Philadelphia has seven bank accounts. Into them in two years and eight months he has put $40,418.75. He owns real estate for which he paid $12,600, and jointly with his wife owns twenty-three shares of building and loan stock.

Another inspector has deposits in three banks. In three years and eight months the total has become $193,553.22. He also owns forty-one parcels of real estate.

There is a police captain who has only two bank accounts. But don't feel sorry for him before we add that in three years and eight months he has deposited the tidy sum of $116,845.86.

These specimens are selected from a list of eighteen police captains and three inspectors whose relations with the bootlegging industry have been under investigation. They constitute virtually one-third of the high officials of the Philadelphia Police Department; and the list is not complete.

The special grand jury which has made public their affluent condition, says of them:

"In many instances many of these men have deposited at one time amounts of money which it would take an honest, hard-working man in the ordinary walks of life earning the same salary a lifetime to save by the strictest kind of frugal living.

"After hearing and analyzing the evidence, we believe the money received and handled by these men was either all, or substantially all, dishonestly acquired, and we, therefore, have come to the conclusion that none of these men is fit to hold any position in the municipal government."

So continues the story of prohibition enforcement in Hon. Bill Vare's town.

A Judge Concurs

The moral we pointed in the sickening Hickman case was that so obviously a mental defective should never have been at large; and our hopes for a more enlightened penal code are heightened by the discovery that Chief Judge Benjamin Cradozo, of the New York State Court of Appeals, concurs in our opinion.

Said he, before a body of medical men:

"If the ignominy attached to certain crimes through the sanctions of the criminal law were withdrawn, the horror of them might be dimmed in the minds of many who have no thought of crime. Yet, even so, the present system in the view of many is as irrational in its mercies as in its vigors. The casual offender expiates his offense in the company of defectives and recidivists and after devastating years is given back an outcast to the society that made him. The defective or recidivist goes back to renew his life of crime, unable to escape it without escaping from himself.

"Adjustment of some sort there must be if we are to fulfill our duty to defective fellow beings. Run your eyes over the history of a man sent to the chair. There is a story of Rake's Progress more implacable than any ever painted by Hogarth. The correction school, the reformatory, Sing Sing and at last the chair. The hand of doom was on his head from the beginning. The sin, in truth, is ours, the sin of a nepal system that leaves the victim to his fate when the course he is going is written

Underwood

WHERE THEY VOTE IN NICARAGUA

A native polling place at Punta Gorda

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plainly in the files of the courts and the stigma of mind and body.

"Your hands (referring to the members of the academy and the medical profession as a whole) must hold the torch that will explore the dark mystery of crime, the mystery even darker, of the criminal himself in all the deep recesses of thought and will and body. Here is a common ground, a borderland between your labors and our own, where hope and faith and love can do their deathless work.

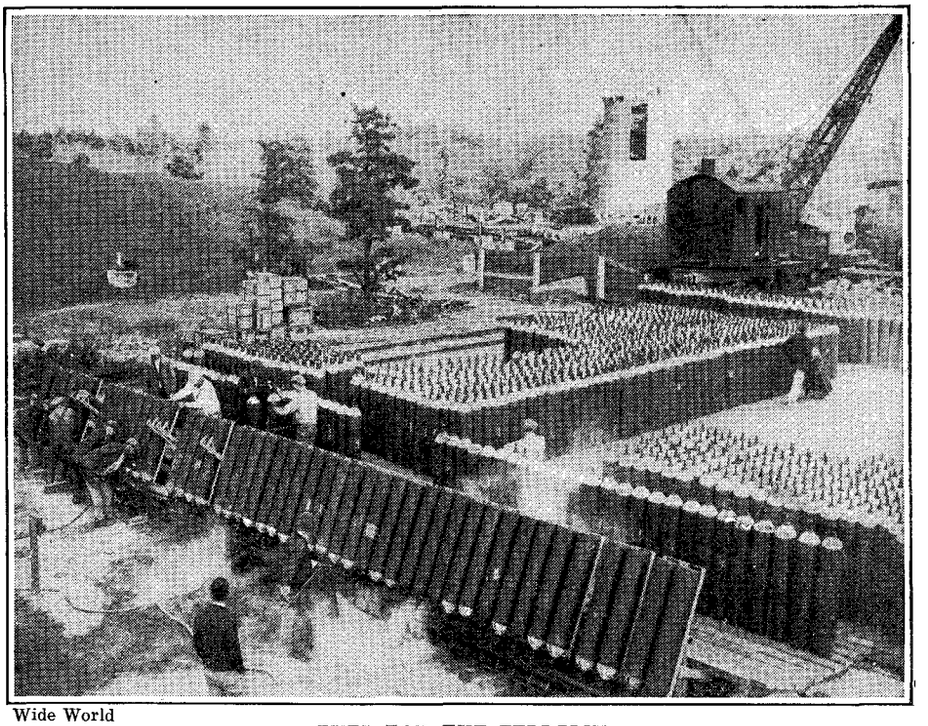
"I think the men of your academy might well emphasize the need for a restatement of our law of homicide, and in particular of the distinction between murder in its two degrees. I think they might well emphasize the definition of insanity when viewed as an excuse for crime. The present distinction (between the two degrees of murder) is so obscure that no jury hearing it for the first time can fairly be expected to assimilate and understand it. I am not at all sure that I understand it myself. Upon the basis of this fine distinction with its obscure and mystifying psychology, scores of men have gone to their death."

"The death penalty," he said "might seem to another generation an anachronism too discordant to be suffered, mocking with grim reproach all our clamorous protestations of the sanctity of life."

▶▶Robert Lansing

For more than four and a half of the most critical years in America's foreign relations the Secretary of State was Robert Lansing. His death on October 30 will serve to remind the country of the strange part he played while nominally directing United States foreign policy. He was not a great Foreign Minister. Probably no one capable of being a great Foreign Minister could have served under President Wilson; but he was incomparably better fitted for the post than William Jennings Bryan whom he succeeded, and brought to his service not only a knowledge of the law but fine training in international affairs.

He took office about a month after the sinking of the Lusitania. He resigned about a month after President Wilson had rejected the Senate reservations to the Treaty of Peace. During the intervening years he disagreed with the President on important matters of foreign policy and yet he served the Administration dutifully.



Wide World

FUEL FOR THE ZEPPELIN

Members of the crew piping aboard the special gas for the German dirigible's return trip

He was much readier for our entrance into the war than the President was; and as the war drew to a close he was readier than the President for the inevitable withdrawal of America from the affairs of Europe. He was one of the commissioners of peace, but, like his confrères, he had little authority at the Peace Conference and a somewhat limited knowledge of what was actually going on in the innermost conclaves.

He disagreed with the President on his determination to go to Paris himself, and he disapproved of Mr. Wilson's incorporating the Covenant of the League of Nations in the Treaty, of his refusal to make the foundation of the League one of law rather than one of power, of the President's acquiescence in the Shantung settlement, of negotiations with the Bolshevists, and in general of the inflexibility with which the President pursued every "announced course." It was undoubtedly the accumulation of these disagreements that led the President to ask for his resignation that he might have "an opportunity to select some one whose mind would more willingly go along" with his. But what directly led to the request was the fact that Mr. Lansing, as highest ranking member of the Cabinet, had, while the President was prostrated with illness, called the heads of executive departments into informal conference. This Mr. Wilson thought a usurpation of Presidential authority. Later Mr. Lansing wrote a book putting on record his version of his relationship with President Wilson.

To this relationship between the head of a state and his chief subordinate and to this record of that relationship there are in history so far as we know no parallels.

▶▶Over and Back

The homeward voyage of the Graf Zeppelin was one of extreme peril, yet the airship sailed about 4,500 miles in seventy-one hours (sixty-nine if we deduct two hours spent over the Friederichshafen landing field) and is the only dirigible to make the transatlantic round trip with mail, paying passengers and a little freight. Britain's R-34 was the first dirigible to make the round trip.

In describing the experience of the Zeppelin in the storm over Newfoundland her commander, Dr. Eckener, said: "Only the utmost exertion saved the Graf Zeppelin from the storm. Now we know where all those airplane pilots lost their lives. It was over Newfoundland. We cannot stick our hands in our pockets. We know we have a good ship. It had to be good to live in that storm, and now we must work to improve the instrument." His conclusion was that to ensure really reliable transatlantic air service we must have a structurally stronger airship. "We have not conquered the ocean yet," he added.

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The German people have made much of the world's champion gate-crasher, Clarence Terhune. Evidently his exploit in stowing himself away on the Graf Zeppelin touched their sense of humor and his audacity excited their admiration. The nineteen-year-old golf caddie became a popular hero, has been having the time of his life and is accepted as, in his own irresponsible way, a low-comedy ambassador of good will. Like all stowaways ("blind passengers," the Germans call them) he was made to work his passage, but his dish-washing did not interfere with his triumph. Now he is dodging girls, granting autographs and talking about business engagements. When his hour of popularity passes he will doubtless return to "gate-crashing" or some other phase of roaming adventure, for lads of his type are not easily tied down to the routine of commonplace life.

The Bishops on Prohibition

The House of Bishops of the Episcopal General Convention, after a long discussion, finally succeeded in producing a resolution concerning prohibition, —and here it is:

"Resolved, that facing the danger of the spirit of lawlessness in American life, we welcome the efforts of the Government of the United States to enforce strictly and impartially the prohibition laws and anti-narcotic laws which are so widely and cynically disregarded, and we call upon the people of our church to set a good example of that obedience to law without which no democracy can endure."

The Bishops felt that this form carried no political implications and the resolution carried by a large majority.

A Giant Telescope

The super-telescope long talked of is now a certainty. Telescope engineers have known that it was quite possible to construct an instrument with a mirror twice or even thrice in diameter that of the largest existing telescope—that on Mount Wilson in California. The one obstacle has been the enormous cost. That is now met by the offer of the International Education Board to the California Institute of Technology to provide the funds; the estimated cost is not stated, but as that of the Mount Wilson telescope was about $600,000 it is certain that the cost of the projected monster will run far above the two-million-dollar mark.

The exact site has not been selected but it will be on some height not very far from the Mount Wilson Observatory and there will be constant co-operation between the two bands of scientists.

The diameter chosen for the reflecting mirror is two hundred inches, exactly double that of its nearest rival, and it will not merely double but quadruple it in power.

That this plan will, as the California Institute states, offer a unique opportunity for securing important scientific results, is putting it mildly. Especially will it help solve the problems of the many "island universes" beyond the Milky Way, throw light on the evolution of spiral nebulæ millions of light-years distant, and help solve problems of density and tensity of heat and light. It will also in all probability, say the scientists, reveal hundreds of millions of stars and hundreds of thousands of nebulæ beyond the range o ' existing telescopes.

One of the most fascinating things about astronomical research is that its possibilities are inexhaustible. Rapidly as observation may proceed it will never fully reveal the infinite wonders of space.

Remarkable Remarks

Is it really necessary to force upon intelligent foreigners a realization of the part that prize fighting plays in our civilization?—Arthur Brisbane.

There isn't a man in the big leagues who hasn't learned to sacrifice individual stuff in favor of the team.—Babe Ruth.

The pro is often more of a gentleman than the average run of country club members.—Richard J. Walsh.

Football is one of the greatest and most useful courses given at any university or institution of learning.—Irvine L. Phillips, football captain, University of California.

"Personal Liberty," as commonly interpreted is as stupid as it is futile.—Dr. William T. Ellis.

Connolly seems to like it in jail. He is like a child with a new toy.—Max Steuer.

Do you want this to be a land of the free and a home of the brave or a land of the spree and a home of the knave?—Mrs. Jeannette C. Beach, recording secretary, W. C. T. U.

He (Will Rogers) could, I believe, persuade Mrs. Willebrandt to take a glass of wine with Mr. Smith.—St. John Ervine.

If I should drag politics into the pulpit it would be to spank it.—Rev. Henry Evertson Cobb.

I've had one husband and that's enough for any girl, but Lindy is my ideal, and he is the man I would like to meet and marry.—Francine Larrimore.

Atlantis Again

Atlantis, the fabled lost continent of antiquity, has turned up again. Not that its ghostly cities and inundated fields have poked their skyscrapers and fences above the waters of the Atlantic which are supposed to have covered them these eleven thousand years. But Dr. Marcel Baudouin, French archaeologist, has discovered sculptured remains on a submarine rock ledge off the Vendee Coast which he believes to have been carved by Atlanteans, some time during the Copper Age. Dr. Baudouin's findings consist of an engraving of human feet and a human head carved in bas-relief. Although usually under water, these sculptures are revealed at the great equinoctial tides, and this year the archaeologist has made a cast of the head. In style and general cast of features the head resembles representations of old Mexican and Mayan divinities. Dr. Baudouin believes that prehistoric American races must have come to the Vendean Coast from Atlantis, perhaps escaping when that traditional continent, located somewhere off the pillars of Hercules, slid into the sea.

Works and Words

Black shirts have now been fashionable in Italy these six years; what they have accomplished in certain directions was the subject of a message from Il Duce, the dynamic, on the anniversary of the celebrated "march on Rome."

Said he: "The sixth year of the Fascist revolution has come to an active end with imposing works destined to remain in this age as a demonstration of our fidelity, our strength and our work. Two thousand eight hundred and two public works have been inaugurated in order to celebrate by deeds and in silence the great enterprise which in October, 1922, liberated the Italian people and created a new régime in Italy and in the world.

"These works are 566 roadways, 337 school buildings, 399 waterworks and 65 improvements, 63 naval construc-

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tions, 79 sanitary works, 371 public buildings, 860 other undertakings and a number of other works of less importance. This simple list of figures stands clearcut, apart from all outcry either at home or beyond the frontiers. Behind these figures are the hands, the money, the life and the well-being of the Fascist people.

"Proud of what we have accomplished, let us march on through the seventh year. . . . Let us raise our banners and weapons in a single cry which has made and will always cause to tremble our enemies of all descriptions and kinds—'a noi' (on your guard)."

Simultaneously there was released in this country "My Autobiography," wherein, we believe, Premier Mussolini established himself as the all-time world's champion user of the personal pronoun.

A Perfect Holiday

WHAT MAKES news? Channel swimmers, ruling monarchs, transatlantic flyers, all these receive vociferous acclaim at the hands of enthusiastic America. Keys to a dozen cities, parades, ovations, dinners, all these multiplied many times are carried back to Europe in memory by our distinguished visitors. Yet consider the case of Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister and as important a statesman as any upon the European stage today. Sir Austen left England last May upon a cruise for his health. Boarding steamer for America by a roundabout route, he touched at the Azores, Bermuda, Havana, and thence his route took him to California. There he has remained for a month, living, for all we know, in that pleasant obscurity for which so many who visit our shores must long. Perhaps, after all, Californians do these things better. When Sir Austen left San Francisco on October 27 he thanked the State which had been his host for a "perfect holiday." Evidently, its "perfection" lay in California's having chosen to take its distinguished visitor at his word and leave him alone.

Libel and Local Color

HOW FAR may authors of fiction make literary use as characters in the story of living persons under their own names? The question has just come up in a suit for damages brought against Edna Ferber. In her immensely popular story and play, "Show Boat," one Little Wayne Damron appears as a quite minor character. Together with a Big Wayne Damron (who, if he exists, hasn't brought suit) he is represented as owner of the Black Diamond Saloon in a Mississippi river town. Little Wayne Damron is the real name of a living man. Probably the author heard the name somewhere and used it as a bit of local color. But he says he is a highly respectable citizen, resents being made a saloonkeeper even for literary purposes and sues for $25,000 damages.

The principle which should govern such cases is obvious. Unless criminal or grossly immoral conduct is attached to the fictitious character presented under an actual name, damages should not lie unless it is shown that the bringer of the suit has suffered actual money loss—liquidated damages, to use the legal term.

The English courts have, it is said, gone a long way in protecting privacy in such cases. But it would be absurd to say that if a disreputable character in a story is named William Thompson every William Thompson has ground for a damage suit. And if every public living man who has been scathed or laughed at in the pages of some book were to sue author and publisher, the courts would be flooded with foolish suits. Proof of identity between character and the plaintiff and evidence of actual injury incurred are the true tests.

Remarkable Remarks

A woman with personality can get away with anything.—LADY DRUMMOND HAY.

There is no evidence that women are less warlike than men.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Where two or three women are gathered together you'll find a row.—ELSIE ROBINSON.

Anybody who wants a divorce steadily for six months ought to have it.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

There is a difference of opinion about redheads.—MARIA JERITZA.

Things happen that men can't combat.—BERT ACOSTA.

There are a few happy marriages.—CLAUDE ANET.

It is the natural wish of every young person to fall in love and have somebody return the love with equal ardor.—REV. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

Life's greatest reward comes with a happy love life.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

The only satisfaction that a newspaperman can get out of life is that he can be trusted to keep a secret.—EMILE GAUVREAU.

A cold bath in the morning in many cases is a short cut to the grave.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

My policy will be inspired by the highest principles of social equity and justice.—PORTES GIL, MEXICO'S PRESIDENT-ELECT.

The condition of public order in Spain could not be better in all the country.—PRIMO DE RIVERA.

After Fourteen Months

OVER A YEAR AGO some 70,000 employees of Western railways and their employers seemed to be on the verge of a strike. A similar state had existed between Eastern railway unions and companies but had been settled amicably on the good old business basis of compromise. But in the West the men said that the companies had put a joker in their proposed plan of compromise—the men would get higher wages but under such conditions that they would not get higher pay.

So the matter under the Watson-Parker Act went to a Federal Board of Mediation. No go! Then (still under the Parker Act) President Coolidge appointed an Emergency Board with ex-Secretary Garfield at its head, to make suggestions for settlement. Now, after the verbal combat has been smoldering for fourteen months, this Emergency Board recommends the combatants to do just what they ought to have done in the beginning—compromise—the men to accept a 6½ per cent increase in wages; the companies to alter conditions of service so as to satisfy the men's demand. There is nothing actually compulsory in this finding, but under the law neither party must for thirty days do anything to stop traffic. Probably the compromise will be accepted; nobody seems to be talking strike now. But what a waste of time and argument!

Macfadden as Educator

WE LEARN that Bernarr Macfadden, noted physical culturist and even more noted as publisher of the New York "Evening Graphic," has become an educator in the more classical sense of the word. For five or six years, we

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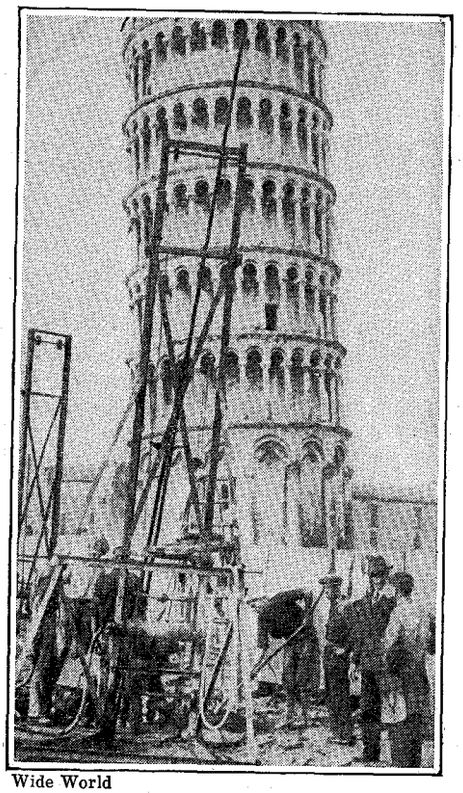


Wide World

FIRST AID TO THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

Workmen reinforcing the foundation of the famous structure

are told, he has been looking for a means of transmitting physical culture to posterity—not to broken down men of middle age and mediocre intellect but to the best youthful minds of America. He has, in brief, purchased Castle Heights, a military school in Tennessee.

He has engaged as superintendent Colonel W. F. H. Godson, Jr., some time instructor in cavalry drill at West Point and more recently commandant at Bordentown Military Institute. Every boy will be required to participate in every sport, which is to say football, baseball, basketball, track, tennis, wrestling, fencing, horsemanship, boxing, marksmanship. Golf will be the only elective. They will eat Macfadden food and sleep Macfadden hours. We do not know whether they will have to read Macfadden publications.

▶▶*Snips of the Shears*

THE ADVENT of sound has added new importance to the activities of the censor in the movie world. Hitherto, however irritating it may have been to see some of the cameraman's best shots arbitrarily cut by the hard-eyed gentleman with the shears, the box-office value of the film was not greatly impaired. But the synchronization of sound with movement adds complications. If a foot of film is clipped just before Miss Dolores Costello queries in agonized tones of the villain of the piece: "Haven't you a sister?" the voice may seem to come from a pet terrier in the next scene. Deletions will mean that the entire sound record—and therefore all the scenes of the picture—must be taken again.

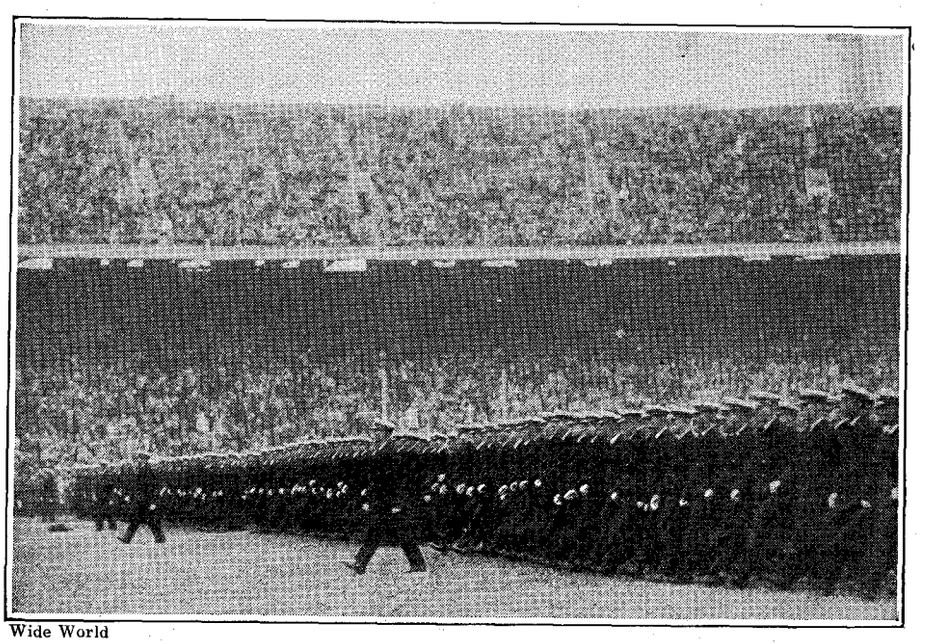
All of this costs money—just how much can be estimated from the costs of the average feature picture. No doubt the realization that cuts mean an entire re-take will curb the proclivities of certain directors toward lurid scenes with a box office *succès de scandale*. But the possibilities should also call attention to the unlimited powers of censoring boards in certain states. Cutting a few feet of film here and there in a silent picture is one thing; cutting a scene which will spoil a million-dollar picture is another. Perhaps the coming of sound will call up for final review the whole question of police censorship rights. It is a matter much in need of clarification.

▶▶*Mass Pioneering*

VARIOUS ORGANIZATIONS united to give a dinner to seven pioneers of American industry. The selected guests were: Henry Ford, Orville Wright, George Eastman, Charles M. Schwab, Harvey S. Firestone, Julius Rosenwald and Thomas A. Edison. These veteran inventors, experimenters and business builders heard Charles M. Schwab tell the thousand diners at the Hotel Astor in New York City that their particular brand of pioneering was going out of style. Mr. Schwab said, "The pioneering work of the future is to be done very differently from that of the past. Society is today improving by organization and co-operation among its members. The greatest work that is being done for the improvement of industry is in the laboratory of the research worker. The most active of our modern industries are those which are founded on recent scientific research. Industries themselves organize research on a large scale.

"The essential point is that in the future pioneering will be done by great groups of trained men utilizing each other's scientific knowledge, rather than so much by the individual, as has been the case in the past, when so often an invention was the result of a lucky chance or a happy idea. It is suggestive that not one of the men you honor as pioneers tonight received a college education."

The Merchants' Association of New York City announced that the affair was a billion dollar dinner and that the people present represented a total wealth of more than ten billion dollars. Statistical announcements of this kind supply Europe with ample grounds for thinking that America is what Europe thinks America is.



Wide World

THE NAVY GOES VISITING

Midshipmen from Annapolis parading on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, before the game with the University of Pennsylvania

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Editorial

Bridgewater and After

IT IS HARD to believe what one does not wish to believe. To reopen a closed case is hard enough; but it is still harder to reopen a closed mind. A year ago last August in Massachusetts two Italians, pronounced guilty of a heartless murder for money, were executed. If any case could be closed, that case would seem to be. Nothing can be done to bring Sacco and Vanzetti back to life. Undoubtedly those who pronounced the two men guilty were honestly persuaded that the verdict was just. They have now the strongest possible grounds for wishing to believe that their decision was right. No one can reasonably expect that they will easily transform the beliefs they so strongly wish to hold into disbelief. Many thousands of others who never read the evidence wish to think the courts of the Commonwealth incapable of a terrible miscarriage of justice. No one can expect them easily to change their minds.

Why, then, reopen the case? Why still argue the question the court decided? Why not forget?

Because in the South Braintree case, and in the Bridgewater case that preceded it, it was not only Sacco and Vanzetti but also our administration of justice that was on trial. If that has failed us then we should know it. We cannot afford to regard any miscarriage of justice as a closed case. As we value the future safety of society, our own safety and the safety of our children, we must be ready to listen and learn.

To read "The Truth About the Bridgewater Hold-Up" in the Outlook and Independent for October 31 with an open mind is to be overwhelmed by the presumption of Vanzetti's innocence of that crime. Unless not only the confessions but the account of the verification of those confessions be dismissed as willful lies, fact mounts upon reason and reason upon fact till the accumulated evidence becomes inescapable. We do not find a single circumstance assigned in support of the charge against Vanzetti in the Bridgewater case that is not fully accounted for by this narrative that exonerates him.

But what has this to do with the South Braintree murder for which Vanzetti and Sacco were both executed? The two crimes were entirely different. At Bridgewater there was a hold-up that failed. Sacco was arrested for that as well as for the South Braintree murder, but was able to prove an alibi and did not even stand trial for it as Vanzetti did. But at South Braintree there was not only a successful hold-up but there was murder; and for this both men were tried and convicted. What bearing has the one case on the other?

Precisely this—that both men were arrested at the same time for both crimes and the conviction of one of the men for one of the crimes took place under the judge who presided at the trial of both men for the other crime.

A presumption of innocence in the one case casts the gravest doubts on the justice of the verdict in the other.

None of us is free from prejudice—not even juries and lawyers and judges. This fact is recognized in the law and therefore safeguards against prejudice have been erected. But there have been cases in which those safeguards have proved insufficient. In the Frank case in Georgia, some years ago, the atmosphere of the community was so charged with hostility against the accused that appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court to interfere on the ground that the trial amounted to judicial lynching. The Supreme Court refused to interfere; but shortly afterwards the prisoner while under custody was actually lynched. That was a notorious instance in which the safeguards of the law proved insufficient against prejudice. Whenever there is suspicion of prejudice in the administration of justice, if we have any concern for the preservation of our judicial system, we should be on our guard. Those who are already convinced that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent of the crime for which they were executed are not the only people in this country who have reason to insist that their case be not considered closed. This is a common cause for all of us, for confidence in our courts is at stake.

In view of the facts of the Bridgewater hold-up, there is every reason for a re-examination of the South Braintree murder case.

From that case these facts stand out clearly:

Technicalities did not save Sacco and Vanzetti from their doom. They made the trial drag on for over seven years. They prolonged the torture. They confused the minds of all concerned. But they did nothing to clear away the doubts of those who questioned the righteousness of the verdict, nothing to establish the innocence of the accused, nothing to increase respect for the court. To say that these men were amply protected against injustice because they were allowed to live for six years after being sentenced, while stays, hearings, appeals, motions, exceptions were resorted to, is simply to confuse technical correctness with substantial justice. No means could be found of requiring the question of the prejudice of the trial judge to be submitted to another judge of equal or higher authority. The only judge who could insist on deciding whether he was biased or not was the very judge whose bias was in question.

It was impossible under the Massachusetts law for any judge on appeal to consider the weight of evidence. All that the appellate court could do was to decide whether the procedure had been correct. The evidence itself could not be submitted for judicial review.

The imposition of the death penalty prevents any remedy for error. No matter how grave an injustice may have been done, the punishment is irrevocable.

Massachusetts has now the chance to prove her spirit. Which will she choose to defend, her past or her future? Will she attempt to justify her courts as they are, or will she undertake to make them as they ought to be? Will she merely hold to her traditions or will she become a leader among the States in a needed reform? Will she clear her procedure of time-consuming and oppressive technicalities, provide a check on the very human prejudices of judges, allow the facts in a criminal case to be judicially reviewed, and provide a more civilized mode of dealing with capital crime than the inexorable penalty of death?

If she had already instituted a thorough reform of the administration of justice, what would have happened in the Sacco-Vanzetti case?

The trial would have been brief and unobscured by technicalities. Let us suppose that in all good faith and honesty the jury should have returned, as it did return, a verdict of guilty. No merely dilatory proceedings would

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have been allowed. The case would have been out of the hands of the trial judge within a few weeks at least.

Then, on motion of the attorneys for the convicted men, another court would have passed upon the trial judge's attitude in the trial. In the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Advisory Committee of the Governor who examined the case referred to the trial judge's "grave breach of official decorum," in commenting on the case after the verdict had been reached. A fellow judge would have had the chance to see in that "grave breach" a state of mind that was in fact prejudicial to the accused during the trial and could have ordered a new trial (which neither the Advisory Committee nor the Governor had the authority to do). At least the question of the trial judge's prejudice would have had an impartial hearing and authoritative decision.

Also another court on appeal would have had a chance to review not merely questions of procedure but the competence and relevance of the facts submitted and accepted as evidence. The Massachusetts Judicial Council has recommended that the Commonwealth follow the example of New York State and confer on its highest court "powers now vested in the New York Court of Appeals" which can take into consideration the weight of evidence. If this recommendation of the Council had been in effect druing the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, the evidence in the case would have had a judicial, not merely a lay, review.

Finally after the courts had finished their work of determining the guilt or innocence of the accused, Sacco and Vanzetti would have been turned—not back to the trial judge for sentencing to death—but over to a Sentencing Board. Since it would have been composed of men expert not merely in the law and its penalties, but in psychology, such a Board would have examined the careers, characters, dispositions and capacities of those men. Without being hampered by restrictions which the law puts upon the presentation of evidence in determining questions of guilt, the Sentencing Board could have clearly established the fact that these men were not of the type of professional bandits but were doctrinaire anarchists. It could have weighed, as a court cannot weigh, the alleged symptoms of insanity which sent each for a while, after conviction, to a hospital for the mentally ill. It could have considered the letters that each wrote, the statements that each made outside of the court record and could have allowed them the weight that common sense allied with expert knowledge would give them in deciding what should be done with such men. It could not reverse the verdict of guilty, but it could have taken all the facts into consideration in deciding what the consequences of that verdict should be to the convicted men. It might have seen a chance of freeing them from their obsessions and bringing them into harmony with an orderly and free society. But it could also have concluded that the safest procedure for them and for society would be to place them under custody for the rest of their lives.

Let us suppose that the Sentencing Board had decided upon a sentence of life imprisonment. Thereupon no Governor could interfere. Not only would the Chief Executive of the State be relieved of the responsibility of exercising or refusing clemency, but society would be relieved of the fear that emotionalism or forgetfulness might in the future lead to the release of men whom a jury of the common people, judges free to examine the facts and guarding each other against prejudice, and a body of scientific experts had decided to be dangerous.

Error would, of course, still be possible. The facts that have now been ascertained, and other facts suspected but not proved, might not have been ascertainable as long as the convicted men were alive. Nevertheless the way to even the partial remedy of error would not be closed.

Suppose material error were discovered and proved. What then? Clemency by the Governor would be out of the question—but would be unnecessary. The reasons for believing the existence of error could be laid, under restrictions to prevent mere frivolity or repetitiousness, before a suitable judge or bench of judges and if found worthy could be made the basis of such retrial or re-examination of the case as might lead to a reversal or modification of the verdict. By a judicial tribunal the error might be corrected as a matter of justice (not clemency) but only by a judicial tribunal.

Does this seem Utopian? It does not seem so to us. It seems possible and even practicable. Every one of these features of judicial reform has been advocated alike by men versed in the law and by men of practical mind. For such reform there is need of widespread popular support, but we believe the majority of the people mean to be honest and fair-minded and want justice done. If we did not believe that we should not make this appeal.

What are the obstacles in the way?

Three obstacles stand out above all others—emotional instability, fear of radicalism and the cold love of precedent.

Emotional instability has done great damage to the cause of justice in this as in other cases, but it is not controlling. The damage it does is in stiffening the backs of those who believe that some kind of order is necessary for the safety of society. Every bomb that was thrown on behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti was in reality thrown at them. But those who are emotionally unstable are a small minority and a minority need never be allowed to rule.

Fear of radicalism is a greater obstacle because it is more widespread, but it is conquerable, because it can be shown to be unnecessary.

The greatest obstacle is the cold love of precedent, the faith in mere authority, the reverence for institutions as they are, not because they are right but because they are old. It has often turned the church from an agent of liberty into an arm of persecution and oppression. It has often transformed education from a process of development into a process of repression. And it has made our law, designed as a fortress for liberty and order, too often an impersonal machine for perpetuating the power of social wrongs. The most serious enemy of society in this land dedicated to liberty and order is not the radical, the Red, the Bolshevist, the anarchist, but the Closed and Complacent Mind.

Sacco and Vanzetti—especially Vanzetti—have been placed among the heroes and martyrs by the social revolutionaries and the believers in the class struggle. Are we content to let them remain there and try to forget them? Or shall we count them among those who have a lesson to teach the race in the orderly progress to greater justice?

The hope of America lies with neither the revolutionary nor the reactionary, with neither the hysterical nor the complacent, but with those who want both order and liberty and have both emotions and control. We believe that they are the real rulers of this country. To such we address the report of our investigation of the Bridgewater case and our application of it to the future.

The Editors

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The Movies

"The Mating Call"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

ALL OF James Cruze's pictures move along as if they were on roller bearings, and "The Mating Call" is no exception. So smoothly does this film unreel itself that it is sometimes hard to follow its transition from one scene to the next.

We, ourself, vastly prefer this method to the stuttering progress that prevails with some directors. It makes for speed, coherence and vitality—qualities of which "The Mating Call" has all three. "The Mating Call" also has Thomas Meighan, Evelyn Brent and Renée Adorée and this trio never impeded the smoothness of any man's picture; when smoother acting is done, they will be found doing it.

Mr. Meighan is well cast as Major Leslie Hatten, who returns to his farm from three years at the front to find that the parents of his youthful bride have had her marriage to him annulled, because of her youth. The major, a one-woman man, is knocked by this intelligence for a row of corn-cribs; presently he is further informed that the lady has been married again—this time to a prominent Ku Kluxer.

So he goes back, alone, to his farm, resolved to take up life's thread where the war had snapped it, and forget women and their funny ways; but such is not to be. The Klannish spouse of his former wife having disgusted her by his amatory defections, she seeks out the handsome major, and begins making passes at him.

Those who have seen Evelyn Brent at work will be dumbfounded to learn that she has little or no success with this essay. The gallant officer isn't forgiving her so easily, and anyway, he doesn't fancy getting poked in the eye with a Fiery Cross; so, largely with the idea of shooing her off, he decides to marry again, himself. For wife No. 2 he resolves to pick out some one who will be good at helping around the farm—tossing hay, feeding the pigs, and that sort of thing.

Who—all filmgoers are invited to suggest—could be better qualified for this line of work than Renée Adorée? She gets the job. But, in spite of all his efforts to do the right thing, the Klan has fastened one of its well-known hates on the major and the Fiery Cross gets uncomfortably close to him.

It's hard to see just why Rex Beach hung such a heinous title as "The Mating Call" on this thoughtful, searching story of American small-town life. One almost suspects that the editorial department of "Cosmopolitan" had something to do with it.

"The Legend of Gosta Berling"

HERE WE have the magical, mystical Greta Garbo in her first picture. It is a Swedish film, and shows the star as she was before Mauritz Stiller put this department in his everlasting debt

THE HELPING HAND

Miss Adorée, who combines wifely duties and farmhand chores for Mr. Thomas Meighan in "The Mating Call"

by discovering her. It proves that she was a great beauty and a great actress before Hollywood had ever heard of her. As for the picture itself, it's a dismal sort of thing compounded of whimsy and acute Scandinavian melancholy, but we enjoyed it and so, we think, will all other Greta Garbo fans. Lars Hanson, who is perhaps best known in this country for his work opposite Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter" and later in support of Miss Garbo in "The Divine Lady," is also to be seen in "The Legend of Gosta Berling." We can say that his performance is on a par with anything he has done in this country—and that is equivalent to saying he's very good. Whether the picture as a whole is worth while or not, we can't really say; just show us Greta Garbo, and our critical faculty takes a Sabbatical year. But in any case, we thank the management of the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, New York, for a very pleasant evening.

"While the City Sleeps"

TO OUR way of thinking, Lon Chaney's fine performance failed to keep "While the City Sleeps" from being a dull, imitative, badly directed picture. Let us hasten to add that although we slept, along with the city, we seem to be the only professional commentator who did so; the others were all wide awake and highly appreciative. The picture was held over at the Capitol Theatre for a second week on Broadway, and looks like a hit. We admire Mr. Chaney as much as any one does, but we don't think he has had a picture worthy of his powers since "The Unholy Three." In "Tell It to the Marines" Lon Chaney's performance was almost unbelievable; but the picture itself was weak. In every subsequent one it has been much the same. He has tried, single-handed, to overcome poor stories and—as far as this observer is concerned—it hasn't been possible.

In "While the City Sleeps" they have a character called Mile-Away Skeeter Carlson. This appellation is bestowed on him because he is always "a mile away" whenever a crime has been committed. Much is made of this pseudonym and its meaning, and one metropolitan reviewer commented admiringly on its originality. Well, in "Dressed to Kill," which was released early this year, there was a similar character—with the same nickname—Mile-Away Barry. Original, your left auricular orifice.

"Take Me Home"

BEBE DANIELS is spirited and likeable in this one, as she usually is. Neil Hamilton is the same. Joe E. Brown gives evidence of being a comer in screen comedy. The story is banal, but well-handled and that just about covers everything. A borderline picture—or a little above that.

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We Look at the Older Generation

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Although every one is always talking about the younger generation and no one ever doing very much about it, there is still a chance to clarify the points at issue between the "proper" elders and the "improper" youngsters. Miss Smith tunes in with an amplifier upon the great hush-hush of Victorian minds and states the case for the modern point of view

A LITTLE while ago a friend of mine, watching her two-year-old son teetering around the room, was suddenly moved to speculate, "I wonder," she said, "what Geoffrey will be doing to shock his parents when he is our age."

Later, because this had struck me as an entertaining angle of a very old question, I put it in reverse form to an attractive and discerning elderly lady of my acquaintance. "Can you look back to your twenties," I asked her, "and remember what were the chronic differences of opinion between you and your older relatives?"

"We had them, of course," she replied. "But I can't remember any such startling differences as there are today. It seems to me the world has moved a hundred years in one generation."

Allowing for a mellowness born of time in my friend's perspective, there are plenty of indications, nevertheless, of a more than usually sharp cleavage of viewpoint just now between an older and a younger world. And because the younger generation has already been exhaustively discussed, I am sure no one will think it unseemly if the tables are turned for a minute, and some of us who are younger bend a friendly, if not quite reverent, glance on the codes and habits of our elders.

The term "younger generation" may be a little misleading, because many of us are not particularly young any more. But it has come to be applied, roughly speaking, to the people who have arrived at maturity since Moral Values Went to Pieces and all those other terrible things happened around 1920; which is also the year that F. Scott Fitzgerald first revealed the existence of the Younger Generation to a shuddering world. As I say, the Veterans of the Younger Generation are no longer noticeably young. A good many of us have turned thirty. We are rising young business men, transatlantic aviators, slim modern mothers, writers whose views of this and that are finding their way into print. In other words we are on the way to being an older generation ourselves, and this is commonly supposed to have a sobering and maturing effect. Yet in many ways the differences between us and our seniors are just as emphatic now as they were when bobbed hair and synthetic gin first appeared in good society.

THE YOUNGER moderns, for example, are always being accused of having no reverence for authority. Worse yet, they cheerfully corroborate the charge. Worst of all, they are of the belief that the older generation has far too much reverence for authority, and that this in itself is not an admirable thing. The contrasting views were brought out in many a family group a few years ago, by a much-talked-of article which appeared in a dreadfully respectable magazine, and which dealt in terms of unprecedented candor with a noted ecclesiastic. The article rested firmly on facts, and its only offense was to create, by means of these, an impression that the reverend personage was not above considerations of the world worldly. I want to be clear about the utter absence of anything scandalous in the story, which was lawful criticism of a public man's public acts. It may have been a suspicion of ironic amusement in the writer's tone that called forth pious protests, and sold copies of the magazine to an unheard-of number.

At any rate the older people, in the cases which came to my notice, were all more or less profoundly shocked, even though they themselves did not go to church four times in a year. The younger ones saw nothing to condemn in the article. The interesting part of it was that most of the older people did not question the author's statements of fact, and they would not have quarreled with his inferences if a less exalted person had been concerned. Their idea seemed to be that you shouldn't say such things about a bishop whether they are true or not. And a few innocent ones were firm in the belief that they couldn't be true of a bishop anyway.

Speaking for any group is a risky business, but so far as I can presume to speak for the intelligent younger element, I should say that it does not countenance any attack which invades a man's private life or otherwise passes the limits of good taste. But it does believe in the right to speak the truth. No criticism is improper which is based on facts; and no person is sacred enough to be shielded from accurate reporting.

Not only in the case of the bishop but in many others I have heard the older generation express disapproval of any approachably open criticism of prominent persons in print. A favorite comment of theirs is the charitable and tender-hearted: "You shouldn't say anything about people if you can't say something good about them." This does credit to their Christian spirit, but is not exactly a healthy attitude to take toward men in positions of public responsibility. Is it not just this uncritical veneration which makes things easy for men of the stamp of Harry M. Daugherty and Will Hays? We go farther than that, we younger people who are accused of upsetting the world. We think the older generation's blind respect for authority has done more harm in human affairs than our lack of respect for it will ever do. It has protected the incompetence and dishonesty and paralyzed the things by which progress is made.

I KNOW of no single source of argument which throws age differences into higher relief than prohibition, which is looming up larger this year than it has since 1918. It seems to some of us that the prohibition tangle is due in no small part to the older generation's incurable passion for making moral issues out of questions which are not moral at all. We are all ready to concede that the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment was a matter of truly ethical import in the first place, because no one could foresee how it was going to turn out. In 1928, however, the question of retaining or modifying the Volstead Act is not one of morality upheld or flouted.

The question, instead, is the plain and practical one of whether it is expedient to leave unchanged a provision of the law which has proved in nine years' experience to be perfectly unen-

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forceable; or whether it is better to try another method of achieving this remote vision of temperance, to which we all aspire. Yet the older order cannot see it. To them the Volstead Act is still mystically bound up with Christian principles and the preservation of the home.

I know nothing about the arid Middle West, but in the Eastern States there is no doubt that the dry cause is buttressed by middle-aged people living secluded lives in quiet, tree-shaded towns. Their children in many cases have gone away to cities and acquired a realistic outlook, but the older members of the family preserve their faith in the efficacy of prohibition, because they don't realize what is going on. I know a librarian in a medium-sized New England city, a delightful if somewhat vague gentleman in middle life, who goes back from time to time to commencement festivities at his college. He still believes that class reunions are dry affairs, and if anybody else refers to carousing on these occasions he says in a bewildered and obstinate tone, "But I didn't see anybody drinking. Nobody offered me a drink."

As his niece exclaimed, "Offer him a drink! As though anybody would! They would lead him away from the scene. It's human nature to protect innocence like that!"

These are the people, too, who know nothing of the noble art of government except what they read in their favorite partisan journal. They have never had the privilege of seeing prominent dry leaders not merely drinking, but drunk, about the legislative halls. They have never seen what was described to me recently by one of those who had been present: a semipublic luncheon in a Middle Western city, at which the president of the Chamber of Commerce pledged the President of the United States in forty per cent alcohol. They don't even know anybody who knows anybody who can tell them about these inspiring sights.

So they hold fast to their bone-dry credo, and are not infrequently pained and scandalized to find their sons and daughters-in-law and nephews rooting for Al Smith.

SOMETIMES I have a faint suspicion that, in the matter of prohibition, even the moral outlook of the older generation is not all it seems. I have in mind a charming white-haired lady who calls herself an ardent dry, and has amicable arguments with her family on the subject. It pains her to hear of their serving cocktails, not because she has any feeling against cocktails, she says, but because they ought to respect the law and the Constitution. She admits that to go without cocktails is no personal sacrifice to her; of coffee, however, she is imprudently fond. Said one of her sons one day: "Suppose a law was passed prohibiting you from drinking coffee. Would you keep that?"

"Certainly not!" she replied with spirit. "If they made such a silly law as that I wouldn't think of paying any attention to it."

ANY MEMBER of my generation who tries to figure out the psychology of earlier decades is impressed by one circumstance; our elders seem to have been afraid of a great many more things than we are. They were afraid of any and all disturbing truths, afraid of sex, afraid of the human anatomy, absurdly afraid of what somebody might say. This last terror must have hung like a pall over everything they did. And it still disturbs the vision of the older generation. The rest of us are perpetually astonished to see how they are influenced by a nebulous and utterly unimportant public opinion.

Nearly all of us can look back to our childhood and remember the domestic convulsions which preceded the smallest entertainment, in our own homes and in those of our friends. The charm and brightness of a perfect house, it seems, were not to be wasted on home consumption. They were only to be shown off to people you cared nothing about; an attitude which seems utterly ridiculous to the more casual hostesses of today.

But these are questions which it is more than ordinarily futile to debate, because a whole world separates our point of view from our elders'. Listen to a mother and daughter disputing some point of conduct—the daughter's conduct. It may be a question of coming in late, or of dining several times at the country club with a friend's husband, in the friend's absence, or of taking a sun bath in the backyard in a bathing suit. Mother objects, "It doesn't look well," and in some mysterious manner this, to her, clinches the argument. Daughter says cheerfully, "Well, what of it?"

In the above-mentioned matter of dining out, B, of the younger generation, may argue lengthily with A, of the older generation, that the absent friend knows all about it, and that she is delighted to have Gerald entertained. That B and Gerald are to each other as brother and sister; that if the three principals in the case know it is all right, and if everybody that counts to them personally knows it is all right, what earthly business is it of anybody else? All of which A may concede without affecting the outcome of the discussion which is always the same.

"But it doesn't look well."

"But what of it?"

When the argument has reached this stage the participants could keep on repeating themselves until Doomsday and not make any more impression on each other than if one were talking Zulu and the other Italian.

The world loves to talk about the wild young moderns and their scorn for the phrase "Thou shalt not." The wild young moderns turn around irritably and shout "Hypocrite!" and they are largely right, but why be so crude about it? The point is, I suspect, that the whole Juggernaut structure of convention which our Victorian grandparents built up rested on this same silly and ignominious terror of what other people thought. Naturally we younger ones cannot feel the same awe of conventions that they do. People have given these old bogeys some alarming wallops in the last decade or so, and a portentous discovery has resulted. They are monsters of straw, with little power to enforce their dictates or to harm.

I THINK, too, that when the old order takes the rest of us to task for our wicked ways, it forgets some of its own past absurdities. We may practice too much freedom and frankness. (Personally I don't believe it and am making this polite admission merely for the sake of argument.) But when the older generation was having everything its own way in the world, its concealments were as bulky and grotesque as its clothes. I submit the testimony of a lady now in her fifties, who looks back with snickers upon the great moral issue of cosmetics.

"We used to powder our noses and then stand in front of the window with a hand mirror and dab it all off," she says. "We were scared to death for fear a tiny trace would give us away. And we lied to each other about it. We would say, 'Well, I do use the least little bit of powder in hot weather sometimes, just on my nose,' when really we used it much more than that. As for

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

"ACHMED ZOGU is King of Albania, but Wilhelm of Wied is still Mpret," began an editorial of a recent "Nation." And so reading, I read no further but straightway fell into a paroxysm of humility: could it be, I wondered, that large numbers of Americans were able to understand each other on Achmed Zogu and could swap light banter about Mprets? What or how is a man who is Mpret? I asked myself. Is he *hors de combat* or is he a *sine qua non?* (I cribbed this last from the "New Republic.") Is he the lucky fellow who slams his hand down on the deck, shouts "Mpret!" and goes game? Is he on the Left or the Right, or perhaps on the Extreme Left? Is being Mpret like being on some kind of a diet? (I mean a food diet, not a political Diet, and, while we're about it, I don't know what a Diet is, either.) Will Listerine cure a man who is Mpret or keep him from becoming a Mpret? What about yeast? How long does a Mpret last?

These and many other questions I asked myself as I lay back in my chair, staring at the ceiling and humming a tuneless lay. The findings, I regret to say, were nil. I knew no more about Mprets than I did when I began. But then my hopes were given a decided fillip ("New Republic" again): I resolved to interrogate the very next "Nation" reader I met.

"Just what," I would say, "is Mpret?"

"Well, Wilhelm of Wied—" he would begin, but at that point I'd cut him off.

"Lay off Wilhelm of Wied," I'd say. "Who said anything about Wilhelm of Wied? I read all about him in that same number. Come on, now: what is Mpret? Name some other Mprets. Name three, name two—name *any* other Mpret!"

And then he'd hem and haw and turn all colors of the rainbow. And while I had him well in hand I'd suddenly shout at him: "Well, who's King of Albania? Yah—I bet you don't even know that!"

And before he could pull himself together I'd wither him—I'd knock him flat. "Achmed Zogu!" I'd tell him. And then I'd stalk away, leaving the poor simpleton to ponder his own infirmities.

By the way—how does one pronounce "Achmed Zogu"?

Although there is no Marathon Dance going on here in Marblehead, your correspondent has managed to keep in pretty close touch with the Marathon Dance game by means of the "Marathon News," which is sent him from time to time by a faithful friend.

The slogan of this little journal is: "We keep 'em moving—day and night." Its price—guess—"a smile." Well, read the front page, anyhow:

TONIGHT IS THE GREAT MIDNIGHT FROLICS

"Don't fail to have the time of your life tonight at the Midnight Frolics. The greatest bunch of entertainment ever been in any one show in Omaha. If you don't believe everyone has a good time at the Marathon just follow the crowds.

"Everyone is happy, they all have a good time. The contestants are failing rapidly now. Harry Greenberg No. 14 fainted last night and it took all the combined efforts of his partner and the nurse to get him back on the floor.

"And when they hold that sleepy time hour on the floor in plain sight of everyone you get to see the actual training and care the contestants have. . . . Several of the couples are ebbing away. . . . Come on over and root for your favorite couple. They are on the home stretch. Just like the tension of a great race. There's shouts. There's mirth. There's laughter. There's tears. Hurry on down. We'll entertain you from start to finish."

An announcement, "To the Public," and signed, "Fraternal Order of Eagles, Aerie 154," reads: "It is our aim to conduct this contest along the highest possible plane. We wish to establish a record for endurance and demonstrate that Nebraska has the best climate, the best people, and the best sportsmanship."

Now, of course I get a fair kick out of reading about it, but, after all, that's not the same as being there. (I sometimes wonder if I did the right thing in leaving Omaha.) When Harry Greenberg—good old hard-living, devil-may-care, madcap No. 14 Harry Greenberg—hit the floor in a typical Greenberg faint, where was I? "Live dangerously!" That was always Harry's motto and I am glad to learn that Harry and his crowd are "failing rapidly" enough for them all to be "happy and having a good time." And how about Herman Firstein? "Several of the couples are ebbing away—" and I'll venture to say that no one did any better ebbing than Firstein. Even as a boy, I remember, while other children were cutting nonsensical capers, Herman was going around with a faraway look in his eyes and practicing ebbing; and even at that early age he had already learned how to fail rapidly. He seems to have the knack of getting the crowd on his side at the start, if you know what I mean.

This Marathon, as you must have noticed, is designed among other things to "demonstrate that Nebraska has the best climate." Read about those Marathoners—read how they're "failing rapidly" and "ebbing away." Could you expect any more of any climate? Of course, it hasn't been exactly fatal so far, but tut, tut. Remember that there will be more Marathon Dances and that the climate will be there for a long, long time. . . .

* * * * *

1. A man writes a book.
2. Another man writes a book about the men who own first editions of the book.
3. A third man writes a book about the man who wrote about the men who own first editions of the book.

At this point the chap who writes of rare books for the "Book Review" of the Sunday "Times" suggests that somebody ought to write a book about the third man. And there is, I believe, a similarly tortuous parallel to be found in modern advertising:

1. A man makes soap.
2. An advertising man advertises the soap in certain magazines and newspapers.
3. The newspapers and magazines advertise in another magazine that they carry a lot of the soap advertising.
4. The magazine in which the newspapers and magazines advertise advertises in turn that it is the principal magazine in which the newspapers and magazines carrying the soap advertising advertise. It does this, let us assume, via the Lavender Radio Network.
5. The Lavender Network, then, proceeds—Oh, you finish it.

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The Opera Season Opens

By EUGENE BONNER

THE SEASON is officially open. The huge crowds collected about the ugly brick building at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street on the evening of October 29 testified vociferously to the fact. Motors were jammed in every direction and even pedestrians were brought willingly or unwillingly to a standstill; policemen bellowed and flashlights plopped as limousine after limousine disgorged its expensive-looking freight. And why not? Wasn't the first performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House reason enough in itself for all the hullabaloo?

For many years it has been the custom of Mr. Gatti, the czar (at least nominally) of this institution to open the season with some tried and proven work from the almost unwieldy repertoire of this opera house, such as "Aida," "Faust," "Carmen," or one of the Puccini masterpieces, as few people pay any attention to the opera on these occasions, so what difference does it make what is played anyway?

This time the astute general director fooled us and gave, instead of one of the old war-horses, perhaps what is the most perfect and beautiful of all the modern Italian operas—the "Amore Dei Tre Re" of Italo Montemezzi, with our own Rosa Ponselle as the lovely and hapless Fiora.

The more one hears this exquisite work the more one realizes that here is an almost perfect opera. We only use the qualifying *almost* because we have always been told that nothing in this vale of tears is perfect. In its simplicity, in its dramatic sweep and above all in its glorious music this marvelous little opera of itself never fails to give satisfaction whenever given or however done.

Originally presented here about fourteen years ago with Lucrezia Bori as Fiora it has had various interpreters, some good, some perhaps not all they might have been, but at no time during those fourteen years has the music ever palled or grown stale. Disappearing for a couple of years from the repertoire it made its reappearance during the war with Claudio Muzio and Enrico Caruso in the rôles of the tragic lovers. Shortly after we had Mr. Martinelli as Avito and Florence Easton for a few performances as Fiora.

While Rosa Ponselle does not altogether make us forget the beautiful and touching interpretation of Lucrezia Bori, she gave, nevertheless, a performance of genuine beauty, and her singing of this music was something to remember always. This young artist continues to progress from year to year and is fast becoming a great artist—witness her Norma of last season.

Martinelli gave us his familiar reading of Avito and Ezio Pinza was a splendid old Archibaldo, while Maestro Serafin heaped honors upon himself and his orchestra by his conducting of this lovely score.

The Society of the Friends of Music offered for their opening concert of the season an altogether satisfying program consisting of two of the loveliest and most characteristic works of Franz Schubert, the centenary of whose death has been the occasion of numberless festival performances this year.

The two works played, the choral setting of the Twenty-third Psalm, and the superb E-flat Mass, both belong to the composer's later, more mature period and it is quite certain that in none of his other work is there to be found music of greater clarity or simplicity than is to be discovered in these two compositions.

The Twenty-third Psalm, written with all the simplicity and melodic appeal of one of those old German chorals or hymns of the Reformation period, touches one by its exquisite purity and sincerity of purpose. The appeal here is direct and universal; no great musical knowledge or training is required to appreciate or understand the message conveyed by either the Psalmist or the composer.

The great Mass in E-flat which was written just five months before the death of the composer belongs in the category of his very finest and most important major works. It is by no means among the better known compositions of the master, though it was heard here a few years ago by this same organization, directed as yesterday by Mr. Bodanzky. It is done, of course, more frequently in Germany, where it is often presented, not as a concert offering, but in the churches, for which it was originally intended.

The performance last Sunday was a very good one, though just a little uneven at times. The chorus sang well but did not seem quite as certain of its attack as formerly. The soloists were more than equal to the requirements of the work, Elisabeth Rethberg in particular demonstrating to us the fact that not only is she one of the greatest artists on the lyric stage of today but that in the equally difficult and far less showy field of concert she is well-nigh without a peer. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with his usual artistry, although he did make what seemed to us a few unnecessary cuts which couldn't have shortened the performance more than a very few minutes.

PERHAPS the most interesting recital of the season so far was that given by Serge Koussevitsky. Mr. Koussevitsky has long been known here as the *chef d'orchestre* of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but this time he chose to appear before us as a virtuoso of the double-bass, an instrument not generally regarded as a solo medium.

As a matter of fact this distinguished conductor was known to fame as a double-bass player long before he began to wield the bâton, and while Boston had had the opportunity to hear him in the rôle of soloist, it was the first time he had revealed that side of his musicianship to New York.

The audience, a large part of which came out of pure curiosity to see what could be done with the double-bass as a solo medium, was astonished at the beauty of tone extracted from the unwieldy-looking instrument by the maestro. The upper register had the quality of an exquisitely played cello and the most effective numbers were those utilizing that part of the instrument. Altogether the concert was a revelation of the hitherto unsuspected possibilities of the bull-fiddle and Mr. Koussevitsky's prowess as a virtuoso of the same.

THE ENGLISH SINGERS have returned and given another of their unique concerts, while the recitalists have been unusually busy, Mme. Hempel returning to us at Carnegie Hall, and Mr. John-Charles Thomas, fresh from his successes at Covent Garden and La Monnaie "obliged" at the Town Hall. The Roth Quartet from Budapest gave us an afternoon of unalloyed delight and proved that the advance reports of the perfection of their playing had not been exaggerated.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

An Extraordinary Story

Rasputin, The Holy Devil, by **Rene Fulop-Miller.** Translated by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. The Viking Press.

THE POPULARITY of this remarkable book is undoubtedly assured by its sensational nature. For whatever reason it may be read, it is worth reading either for its story, as romantic and exciting as any novel, or for the fine picture which it gives of the czarist society in the last precipitous phase of its fall. We are told in the foreword to "Rasputin" that this is the first deep-going study of that weird, demoniac figure. Previous books about him have been based largely on the work of the mad monk, Iliodor, Rasputin's arch-enemy. This, the work of a trained and skillful biographer, is based on the documents listed in the bibliography of sources and appears exhaustive. Reading of Rasputin's early years, one is reminded of a recent fictional character, Louis Bromfield's Prophet Spragg. Indeed the whole story of Rasputin, however credible it may be to Russian ears, reads to Occidentals like fiction, and wonderfully good fiction, too. Rasputin swayed men and nations by his hypnotic eye "small, bright and water-blue." He was never, so Fülöp-Miller thinks, completely the charlatan nor wholly sincere. Probably, like most brilliant hysterics, he was so completely an actor that he did not know himself what he was. He was gentle and crafty. His energy was enormous, his appetites colossal, his abilities considerable. Fülöp-Miller calls him "a preacher and brawler, redeemer and debauchee" who became "the friend of the Emperor and Empress, worshiped as a saint by society ladies, and revered by politicians, generals and Princes of the Church as the uncrowned ruler of the Empire." It would be useless, here, to give a brief outline of the material contained in this book. Most readers will have a notion of what ground it covers. And the interest of Fülöp-Miller's book lies, anyway, less in the bare story of Rasputin's life, remarkable as that is, than in the admirable picture which it gives of Russian life, and the insight which its author has into Russian character. One wonders if the hideous climate is not the primal mover in the Russian drama. Some such elemental cause must be found to explain characters at once so childlike and so brutal, so superstitious and so philosophical, so coarse and so cultured as those of the men, and especially the women, noble, wealthy, educated, who fell, as readily as peasants, under Rasputin's spell. So sensational is much of the material in "Rasputin" that the book might well have a *succés de scandale* such as, we believe, "Mother India" had. But, unlike that book, "Rasputin" is the work of an entirely competent and obviously unprejudiced investigator and of an excellent writer with the ability to dramatize into reality the most incredible of scenes.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some curious and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed Oct. 10.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish: Harper's. This amusing story of a sweet trouble maker will please those who like their irony very light. Reviewed September 19.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Silver Slippers, by Temple Bailey: Penn Publishing Company. This is some of the author's usual treacle; harmless diet, but neither nourishing nor stimulating.

The Children, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. This excellent novel about the sad fate of the children of the easily and often divorced is one of Mrs. Wharton's best. Reviewed Sept. 26.

Non-Fiction

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper's. The latest work of our most popular poetess will delight most readers although it may disappoint the more critical among Miss Millay's admirers. Reviewed Oct. 31.

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

Disraeli, by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles; Appleton. You will enjoy this charming and vivid portrait. Reviewed Feb. 22.

Rasputin, the Holy Devil, by Rene Fulop-Miller: The Viking Press. Reviewed in this issue.

Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge: Houghton, Mifflin, 2 vols. Although by no means as fine as Beveridge's "Marshall," this is an important book. Reviewed October 3.

Far and Wide

By MILTON BYRON

The Fringe Of The Moslem World, by **Harry A. Franck:** The Century Co.
The Turkish Ordeal, by **Halide Edib:** The Century Co.
The Flavor Of Holland, by **Adele de Leeuw:** The Century Co.
Winged Sandals, by **Lucien Price:** Little, Brown & Co.
The Central Americans, by **Arthur Ruhl:** Charles Scribner's Sons.
Unfathomed Japan, by **Harold W. Foght** and **Alice Robbins Foght:** The Macmillan Co.
The World On One Leg, by **Ellery Walter:** G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gentlemen Unafraid, by **Barrett Willoughby:** G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IT IS unfortunate that there are so few classifications for books. There seems to be an undeserved stigma attached to travel books which often causes people to overlook certain volumes in which they would be interested just because they are listed under the head of travel books. It is a popular fallacy that all books about travel must of necessity be dull. We do not deny that this is very often the case, but it is absurd to condemn them all because of the fault of the majority. All wanderers are not scientific explorers; many of them are literary vagabonds whose acquaintance is decidedly worthwhile. The books to be considered in this review are not strictly travel books although that is the general classification into which they all fall. This list is so comprehensive and diversified that it is fairly safe to assume that almost every type of literary taste would be satisfied by some one of these non-fiction books.

"The Fringe Of The Moslem World" is an all-embracing picture of the Near East. Harry Franck, the well-known vagabond reporter, is at his best in writing of this part of the globe which he knows thoroughly. His travels included Africa, the Holy Land and Turkey, and he brings out clearly the differences in these countries. He deals with every aspect of the Moslem world and the narrative is replete with all

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sorts of information: geography, people, customs, religion, and night life all fall under his discerning eye. No matter what particular phase of this subject the reader may be interested in, he will be sure to find it treated by Mr. Franck in his characteristically thorough and intimate style. And, despite the fact that this is essentially a "travel book," Mr. Franck writes with a very engaging sense of humor.

One of the important features of these observations is that the author traveled over this same country about twenty years ago, and he makes a number of comparisons between that time and the present day. His observations on the effects of Western civilization and the influence of Kemal Pasha are of much more than passing interest even to the most casual reader. We recommend this book highly to anyone who wishes to make the acquaintance of Turkey—it is an excellent introductory volume to the Near East, and it is sure to create a desire for more. It might also be used to good advantage as a guide book since there are many references to the vagaries of Turkish travel.

"The Turkish Ordeal" is more in the nature of a narrative and a study of the revolt in Turkey after the World War than a travel book. We realize that this may sound formidable to the uninitiated, but let us hasten to dispel this illusion. Comparisons are misleading as well as dangerous, but we venture to compare this favorably with "Revolt In The Desert" and "With Lawrence In Arabia." Halidé Edib, a recognized authority on Turkey, has a thoroughly international mind and her observations on the passing of the harem and all the old order in that exotic country are as interesting as they are authentic. Being a leader in the Nationalist movement, she was forced to flee Constantinople with a price on her head, and her experiences constitute as thrilling and exciting a tale as one could find within the covers of a sensational "shocker." She also fought in Mustafa Kemal's army, and she relates with terrible clarity the misery and suffering of the Turkish peasants at that time. Incidentally, this is one of the few books to offer the Turkish point of view and to present the Turks as the oppressed as well as the oppressors.

One gets only an impressionistic picture of the geographical aspect of the country which is entirely incidental to the book, but one does receive a lasting impression of the country as a personality. Her word portraits of Mustafa Kemal and other men who have been instrumental in making Turkish history these last few years are brilliantly and faithfully presented. This book is to be read for pleasure and historical interest rather than as a guide book. Halidé Edib's personality is as vivid as Lawrence's, her adventures as thrilling and romantic and her achievements for Turkey no less striking.

"The Flavor Of Holland" goes below surface impressions and really gets next to the heart of the country. One is taken into Dutch homes and admitted into the confidence of the people. It is written in a way that makes one feel the spirit of this brave little country, and yet is sufficiently detailed to serve as a guide book as well. The author is of Dutch parentage and for this reason was taken in by the people and given an intimate glimpse of Dutch life which she, in turn, presents to the reader. Miss de Leeuw's travels were comprehensive; taking in little-known villages as well as the larger cities, and her style is both informal and chatty. Still, the book is, perhaps, given a little too much to descriptions of museums and places of historical interest and it becomes somewhat tiresome. We do not recommend it for general reading, but it is particularly good for any one who is interested in the real Holland.

Scribners

JACKET DESIGN FROM "YET DO NOT GRIEVE"
by Conal O'Riordan

"Winged Sandals" differs from most travel books in that it is written fundamentally from a cultural standpoint. It covers a wide range of European countries but everything is secondary to the cultural aspect. Mr. Price is not primarily a "highbrow," in the unpleasant connotation of the word, but his trip was solely for the purpose of paying tribute to the intellectual and cultural achievements of the Old World. His principal interest is music and a large part of the book is devoted to his visits to the shrines of famous old composers. There are incidental short biographical sketches of each one, however, so that the reader is given a sufficient background to share some of the author's enthusiasm. It is beautifully written, with an occasional touch of humor.

It is strange that there has not been more written about Central America, for there is much of interest in those little-known countries, we learned by reading "The Central Americans." Mr. Ruhl is a "reporter de luxe," and he has a well-developed reportorial instinct combined with a pleasing sense of humor. He has taken Central America country by country and written his impressions, which seem to include every phase of national life as well as vivid geographical descriptions of the countries. There are also a number of references to politics, but the author has taken great care to weed out everything that might in any way be boring, and has retained only those facts that throw light on recent happenings of general interest.

Having visited these countries some years ago, Mr. Ruhl makes a number of interesting comparisons and shows just what has been accomplished in the intervening years. It is a good practical book for any one who wishes to acquire a general knowledge of this part of the world.

"Unfathomed Japan" comes about as near to being a conventional travel book as any in this review, but that is not meant in a derogatory way. This book is both interesting and instructive and gives about as comprehensive a picture of Japan and the Japanese as one could ask. The writers are both educators

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BOOKS

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but they have a singularly wide viewpoint on life as well as that ever-important saving grace—a sense of humor. It is only natural that they should lean a little too heavily toward the educational system, but not to the neglect of anything else. As educators, they had access to most of the notables of Japanese society and they present interesting character sketches of these men together with their views on the future of Japan.

And here is something very different—"The World On One Leg." Travel book, biography, success story, inspirational essay—we cannot put our finger on what this book meant to us because it is all those things and more. To attempt to describe it is to spoil it, so we will content ourselves with saying that it is the story of a young boy who worked and bummed his way around the world despite the handicap of having only one leg and the most vicious and painful infection in the stump of the other.

Alaska is another country about which not much has been written and about which there is much to tell. Miss Willoughby knows her Alaska thoroughly and she tries in every possible way to make the reader share her love for it. Her impressions of the country are conveyed, for the most part, through the medium of character sketches of some of the most outstanding and vivid personalities of that country. From Scotty Allen, of dog-team fame, to Dr. C. C. Georgeson, Alaskan plant wizard, she has combed the country for typical characters.

Ancient Conquerors

By W. T. ADEE

Alexander by **Conrad Bercovici**: Cosmopolitan.
Tamerlane, by **Harold Lamb**: McBride.

MR. BERCOVICI has called his book "A Romantic Biography." Furthermore he has attempted to make appear romantic an historical figure who, to most readers, has become largely legendary. Accordingly, Mr. Bercovici stresses the romantic and legendary elements of Alexander's career.

Here is indubitably the stuff of romance. Unfortunately the background of Oriental luxury and treachery becomes too prominent. Around Alexander converge all the plots of his mother, his wife, his chief eunuch and all the rulers he has conquered. He becomes more and more an Oriental despot and less the barbarian from Macedonia until in his final triumphal return to Susa and in his frenzied cruelty after the death of Hephæstian he appears monstrous. Mr. Bercovici may call his book a romantic biography, but his romance seems to contain a very large element of the physical. The atmosphere of torture and intrigue finally produces a feeling of satiation.

In "Tamerlane" as in his "Genghis Khan" Mr. Lamb has employed a very different technique from that of Mr. Bercovici. In spite of the fact that Tamerlane, or, more properly, Timur the Lame, is to most readers an equally, if not more legendary, figure than Alexander, Mr. Lamb never exceeds the bounds of historical narrative. He even devotes a fourth of his book to notes and supplies a classified bibliography of seventeen pages. Yet in spite of his impersonal method the figure of Timur becomes gradually more and more distinct.

From his earliest struggles to his greatest triumphs Timur is revealed as a man of reckless bravery, indomitable will and finally as an incomparable strategist. As a matter of fact chess was one of Timur's favorite diversions. Not only does he appear as a merciless conqueror who would massacre the entire population of a city which resisted him, but also as a man who, having conquered, would put every effort into rebuilding what he had destroyed. To Samarkand, his capital, he brought plunder from all parts of Asia. He imported scientists and philosophers.

And this constructive quality is well illustrated in the history of his empire after his death. At least a large part of it did not disintegrate. The man whose will had prevailed from Moscow to Egypt and from the Bosphorus to Delhi and who died at the age of sixty-nine on his way to conquer China was not to be forgotten so easily.

Various Aspects of Verse

By J. DANA TASKER

Sweet Water and Bitter, by **Virginia Moore**: Harcourt, Brace & Co.
The Lost Lyrist, by **Elizabeth Hollister Frost**: Harper & Bros.
Cursory Rhymes, by **Humbert Wolfe**: Doubleday, Doran.
Mr. Pope and Other Poems, by **Allen Tate**: Minton, Balch & Co.

OFTEN, Virginia Moore's poetry is imaginative, emotional, and musical. Sometimes it fails the highest peaks of one or another or all of those qualities, but never in this collection does it descend to colorless, prosaic depths. Most present-day volumes of verse contain half a dozen good poems, placed at wide intervals between dozens of very dull ones. This volume is dif-

(Please Turn to Page 1174)

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

THE LITERATURE relating to the two celebrated collaborators, Gilbert and Sullivan, is fairly extensive, as the bibliography in Mr. Isaac Goldberg's "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan" (Simon & Schuster) shows. Without having any pretentions to Mr. Goldberg's exhaustive knowledge of the subject, I may claim to have read all the major works in his list, from Percy Fitzgerald's "The Operas of Gilbert and Sullivan," which appeared in 1894, to the latest semi-official tome, "Sir Arthur Sullivan, His Life, Letters and Diaries," which was published last year by his nephew, Herbert Sullivan, and Newman Flower.

With these works in mind I wondered what Mr. Goldberg could add to the narrative, and I close his volume in the belief that he has written the definitive book on the subject, full of the true Savoyard enthusiasm, an astounding grasp of his most varied material, and a considerable musical and literary scholarship. The history of Gilbert and Sullivan is so quintessentially English that Mr. Goldberg's achievement, working at long range and approaching the "tradition"—if he will pardon me for saying so—from the outside, becomes all the more remarkable. The volume is a large one, running to more than 550 pages, and it includes a Gilbert miscellany of hitherto unreprinted pieces, in addition to extended comment upon the librettos of Gilbert and the scores of Sullivan.

The more one reads about Gilbert and Sullivan the more one is impressed by the—in a sense—fortuitous character of their great joint success. They were temperamentally and intellectually poles apart. "They were," in the words of Mr. Goldberg, "human antonyms. Gilbert had been born with a genius for petulance, for hostility, for dissidence. Sullivan made friends as naturally as Gilbert made enemies; he was a social creature in whom conformity at times could take on contours of self-surrender. Gilbert domineered; Sullivan insinuated himself." Yet, it is interesting to note that in their various quarrels, it was Gilbert who was conciliatory, although Sullivan was invariably in the wrong. If the partnership lasted as long as it did, the credit is Gilbert's rather than Sullivan's, even though it be true, as Mr. Goldberg argues, that Gilbert usually gained his point while seeming to make concessions to Sullivan.

At the bottom of their disputes and disagreements, whatever the surface cause, was their fundamental difference in point of view. Sullivan really longed all his life to be the composer of "serious" opera comparable, he doubtless thought, to such efforts as "The Lost Chord" and "Onward Christian Soldiers," or "The Absent-minded Beggar." When he had finished "Ivanhoe," his disastrous attempt at opera, he declared that it was "the most important work I have yet written," but Mr. Goldberg reports him as saying to Reginald de Koven that he did not like it, and that "a cobbler should stick to his last." This interesting fact does not appear in the official life of Sir Arthur Sullivan, presumably because the authors shared to the full the composer's illusions, as they show themselves throughout rather tepid toward all that we admire today in Gilbert and Sullivan.

WITH the score before him Mr. Goldberg analyzes several of Sullivan's efforts at "lofty" music and his criticism is as unfavorable as it is well founded. He has, indeed, some acute comments to make on religious music in general and that of Sullivan in particular. "Was Sullivan, in a deep sense, a religious composer?" Mr. Goldberg asks. "The answer of his music, surprising as it may sound, is No." He wrote sentimental trash whose factitious emotion and meretricious appeal were on the same level as his sentimental songs. "The church, which has fostered a Bach, a Beethoven, a Handel, a Mendelssohn, has cradled in its bosom some of the cheapest music that has ever been written, and, from such a standpoint, is no loftier than the despised music-hall. The division of music, *as music,* into sacred and profane contains a fallacy that lies rooted deeper than the arts. Sullivan's sacred writings are to religion what his operatic music—we have seen *Ivanhoe*—is to passion."

Some one has termed W. S. Gilbert a "mid-Victorian Aristophanes," and Mr. Goldberg is inclined, on the whole, to grant the title. Gilbert's mockery, if never so profound as Shaw's, is allied to it, and he treated some of the pompous personalities of his time very much as Aristophanes did. With his sense of topsy-turvydom he injected into the solemnities of the period a note which bordered on the revolutionary and actually brought him into conflict with the censor and with public opinion. The author of "Alice in Wonderland," for example, objected to the song, "The Pale Young Curate," as an insult to the clergy, and he was horrified when he heard children pronouncing the words "Damn me!" in a performance of "H. M. S. Pinafore." It was likewise seriously contended that while the word "Ruddigore" might be mentioned in the smoke-room, no lady could so far forget herself as to pronounce it.

ONE IS inclined to agree with Mr. Goldberg that "Gilbert rescued Sullivan from the routine solemnity of British music and restored him to the humorousness that was his birthright. Sullivan, in turn, provided for Gilbert's 'philosophic pills' the gilding that made them palatable to a public which shunned them when their author served them up in melodrama and poetic play. Sullivan, the social creature *par excellence,* socialized Gilbert's inborn anti-social attitudes." But there was a tension between them from the first, and it is noteworthy that they were never in the true sense of the word friends. Sullivan was a conformist all his life. When a command performance of one of the plays was given before the Queen, Gilbert's name was completely ignored on the programme. It was Edward VII, not Queen Victoria, who bestowed his knighthood on Gilbert, who does not seem to have been unduly impressed. Sullivan had, of course, already been honored by Queen Victoria who refused to give Gilbert similar recognition.

Like all Savoyards, Mr. Goldberg has his special favorites amongst the operas, to wit, "Iolanthe" and "The Mikado," which he regards as embodying the quintessence of Gilbert and Sullivan. "Patience," I think, is entitled to a place beside these, not to mention "The Yoemen of the Guard" which, Mr. Goldberg tells us, was their own favorite, each seeing in it the best expression of his own genius. The author's analysis of the two surpasses any that we have heretofore had, and is particularly valuable for its penetrating understanding of the real W. S. Gilbert.

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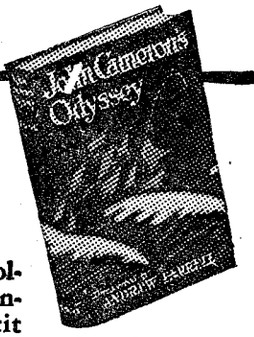

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Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 1172*)

ferent; in spots excellent, generally pleasing, always interesting. The chief charm of "Sweet Water and Bitter" is the poet's ability to handle short metrical forms. Many essay what she actually accomplishes: memorable pictures and poignant thoughts, expressed in crisp lyrics of two and three-foot lines. There are sonnets and other verse forms included in the volume, but they lack the individuality of the crisp and briefer lyrics.

A great emotional experience is a prerequisite of utterly spontaneous lyricism. Mrs. Frost's first volume of verse owes its origin to the sudden death of her husband. Before that she wrote no poetry; suddenly she "was startled into" it. Thus she describes her work, saying that poems "all made" come to her at unexpected moments. The legend is quite as interesting as the verse. "The Lost Lyrist" is rather infrequently good. The emotions are only those of anguish and longing—always restrained, but always unrelieved. Isolated poems of the sort she writes are occasionally desirable, but a whole book of them is depressing.

"Cursory Rhymes" are short-cuts to the delightful world of nursery fiction. Mr. Wolfe against doctors and for famous men are the two best aspects of the volume. But as the author himself says in "Epilogue":

If I had been a father gander,
I could have made these rhymes
far grander.
But, as it is, if they're no use,
Thank God! there's always Mother
Goose.

Much of the magic that belongs to this type of verse is here—much, not all.

That leaves Allen Tate. There are those who can really appreciate and enjoy such a weird imagination as is his and such a grandiose ability with words. Mr. Tate's poetry is extraordinary, indescribable, something akin to the modernity of futuristic art—but without the bright aspects. His verse may be what a later generation will produce in abundance. This particular collection is chaotically dark, often morbid.

Among the important recent books discussed in the Independent within the last few weeks of its separate existence, are "Zola and His Time," by Matthew Josephson: reviewed by Van Wyck Brooks; and "The Defense of the West," by Henri Massis: reviewed by Ernest Boyd. To avoid duplication, these will not be reviewed in the Outlook and Independent.

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Picked at Random

By Walter R. Brooks

Max Beerbohm's
A Variety of Things
Knopf

Chesterton once wrote a book called "Tremendous Trifles," in which he took a number of trivial everyday things and illuminated them with the light of his thought until to look at them through his eyes was like watching a display of fireworks. Trivial enough, too, in a way, are the subjects which Max Beerbohm chooses—yet with no fireworks at all he delights you with something which fades much less quickly than the memory of pyrotechnic brilliancies. The simplicity of his style deceives you; it is a simplicity of the letter, of the written word, beneath which is a subtlety and wisdom that charms you. And no one can so gracefully prick the bubbles of inherited and acquired complacencies.

There is a little of everything in this book: a fairy tale, a parody of Henry James, some recollections of Aubrey Beardsley, sketches of several imaginary characters, and the story of a young man who tried to get out of society by cheating at cards, and failed.

Wallace Smith's
Tiger's Mate
Putnam

"In this country anything can happen," said Tia Teresa on page 7, and believe us, it did. South of the Rio Grande somewhere lived the high-born Lucita. Don Marcos and his rebel army captured the town. With him were the suave and villainous Colonel Lastro and the noble and daring Captain Santiago—the latter of course an Americano, por Dios! And guess which one, following plots and counter-plots and battles and abductions and murders, saved her from death, and wuss, and married her in the end. An exciting yarn, in spite of a high-flown style which, in the purplest passages, is truly awful.

Diomedes de Pereyra's
The Land of the Golden Scarabs
Bobbs Merrill

A more unpleasant land to travel in we have never heard tell of. It's in the western corner of Brazil, and there seems to be a general conspiracy of frightfulness among the snakes, fish, animals and insects of swamp and jungle. One creature was evidently so terrible that even the author couldn't bring himself to tell what he was like.

However, it's a good exciting story of adventure, in which explorers find in the heart of the jungle the descendants of the Incas, as well as tons and tons of gold. And the author knows his stuff. We are assured by the publisher that Señor Pereyra is one of the few white men who have ever explored parts of the unknown Montaña.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's
Matorni's Vineyard
Little Brown

Typically Oppenheim, this tale, in spite of the disclaimers in the foreword, presents what is probably a pretty accurate estimate of the character and aims of a figure conspicuous in contemporary European politics. Matorni is Mussolini; the vineyard, of course, the French Riviera, so coveted by Italy. And of course Mr. Oppenheim has plenty of secret service agents; male and female created he them, and they act according to their kind, so the tale is exciting.

Gerard Fairlie's
The Man Who Laughed
Little Brown

Concerns the Octopus, a crook who hid behind curtains and laughed at his pursuers, and the efforts of Jack and Vic, assisted by Scotland Yard, to capture him. Oh, yes, and that brave little woman, Jack's fiancée, Jean. In spite of the huge amounts of sandwiches and beer the sleuths consumed they were able to move about with a good deal of speed and cause a lot of excitement for the reader.

Daniel Deerforth's
Knock Wood
Brentano

The subtitle of this volume is "Superstition Through the Ages;" and the blurb led us to believe that it would contain some interesting material regarding the origins of various popular superstitions. It is merely, however, a rather dull account, neither erudite nor entertaining, of the struggle between science and priestcraft. A good book to prop open a window with on a rainy night.

John Esteven's
The Door of Death
Century

The Baglioni family, who once ruled Perugia, must have been a hard lot. Beside them the Borgias were a group of innocent little romping children. This story deals with two modern scions of that sinister race, Francis and Carl, who lived in a big house full of Italian antiques and instruments of torture. And first every one who lives in the house begins to go Renaissance and to gloat over blood and treachery, and then the stranglings and tortures begin. Plenty of excitement, but our hero, with the assistance of the detectives Norse and Roose and a couple of platoons of police, comes through at the end with a girl and a couple of bullet holes as mementos.

DOES the new Sacco-Vanzetti evidence fire your indignation?
Then you will want to re-read the story of their last hours as told in *Let Freedom Ring* by *Arthur Garfield Hays*, gallant crusader in the battle for civil liberty.
He tells with fearless candor and compelling enthusiasm the fascinating stories behind this and other vital law cases of today, such as the Scopes Anti-Evolution trial, the American Mercury case, the Sweet Murder trial and others.
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HORACE LIVERIGHT NY
GOOD BOOKS

LET FREEDOM RING
By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

MAY WE suggest as a hobby, hand-weaving? There is nothing new about it, of course. But a recent book—"The Shuttle-Craft Book of American Hand-Weaving"—seems to us so complete a guide to this minor art, and illustrates so many interesting examples of hand-woven fabrics, that it is difficult for us to see how any one who glances through it can resist the impulse immediately to dash out and buy a loom. The names of the patterns are alluring, too—Turkey Foot, Young Man's Fancy, Work Complete, Tennessee Trouble, Sunrise and Dog Tracks, Rose in the Shadow, Job's Perplexity, Sunrise on the Walls of Troy are a few of the hundreds listed.

Hand-weaving is a genuine American native craft. It offers considerable scope for creative imagination. "The people to whom hand-weaving means the most," says the author, "are those who need creative work as a rest from monotonous duties in some other field. Women of intelligence whose household duties are not exigent and who find it hard to cheat boredom can open for themselves this door into the world of art. Professional people whose work is all with abstractions find great comfort in co-ordinating mind and body for the making of a thing of use and beauty."

If you do take up weaving and become really enthusiastic about it, please remember that it was we who suggested it to you, and send us some Christmas a snowball coverlet. We have always wanted one.

IN ONEIDA COMMUNITY PLATE you can now get rather inexpensive knives of plated silver which have colored handles with patterns to match the rest of the flat silver etched deep in the color. The dinner knives are in green only; the breakfast and dessert knives in green, red or blue.

IF YOU happen to run a cigar store there is a complete service station for pocket lighters which should make life less complex for you. It is a free filling station, made to look like a gasoline filling station, and it stands on a pedestal which contains a large drawer within which, suitably indexed, are all sizes of wicks, springs, flints and washers. These accessories will fit any make of lighter, and there's an index card which shows which accessory fits which lighter. The whole thing takes up about the amount of space occupied by a box of cigars. It is made by Faber, Coe and Gregg, Inc. Even if you don't happen to own a cigar store, you may own a lighter, and when it gets out of order, we suggest that you watch for one of these yellow filling stations. We know by experience that it can give you quick and efficient service.

IF YOU have a child who isn't particularly impressed by the news that four out of five have it, or who doesn't specially enjoy application of a wet washcloth to the convolutions of the outer ear, we suppose that you might be able to lure him to the wash basin by introducing him to a jigger we saw the other day called the Steppup. Because he can stand on the Steppup and reach the basin easily. The Steppup is a low stool with a dog's head, four legs and a tail, covered with an oilcloth blanket. We don't think he is very funny, but maybe your child would. We merely offer him as a suggestion. As a rule we don't much care about trying to give a humorous twist to useful things, because it means repeating the joke—usually not a very good joke, anyway—every time you use the thing. And personally we doubt if any number of jokes could have made us submit gracefully at the age of six or so to having our ears scrubbed. Even now—

WE LEARNED a lot of new words today looking through a woodwork catalogue. We didn't get the particular piece of information for which we were specially looking—the difference between a baluster and a banister—but we did come on angle newels and stair crooks and volutes and scroll end treads and fillets and shoes and stringers. And we bet you don't know what loose returned nosing is. It's part of a stair, of course, as are all these other strange things. Interesting things, stairs. You don't realize all the funny things you're stepping on when you go up and down them every day.

In the same catalogue we saw a built-in dressing table which looked very good to us. The top of the table is recessed into the wall 1 foot 8½ inches. The mirror at the back is 3 feet 7½ inches by 2 feet 8 inches. There are adjustable mirrors at each side. The table has three drawers, with cupboards on each side below. A narrower model is also made with two drawers and no cupboards. These units can be used in combination with built-in closets and tray cases. The latter consist of six sliding trays of different heights, built into a closet 2 feet 4 inches deep. The same company—Curtis Woodwork, Inc.—also makes some very good looking built-in medicine and telephone cabinets, linen and broom closets, kitchen dressers and ironing board closets. In the latter, the ironing board is hinged to the wall at the lower end and has a brace below, so that all you have to do is to open the door, pull the board down, and it is ready for ironing.

BERENLIN piqué window shades, which will resist sun fading and rain stains, can be had colored in hand-applied tints to harmonize with the draperies of your room. If you haven't been able to find what you want in the stock colors, these might offer a solution.

NO SOONER had we informed you about the Weathermaker which heats your home by gas and at the same time regulates the humidity, than we found that there were two other systems which operate in about the same way. One of them, the Holland, burns any fuel. Or if you have a hot air furnace already installed, you can add an electric circulator to it, and thus get about the same results.

The other is the Miles Automatic Furnace Fan. This can be attached to any warm air furnace. It has no humidifier attachment.

About the relative merits of these various systems we are not competent to speak. But we believe firmly in the value of a proper humidity, and it seems reasonable to us that heating with forced air has a number of advantages over the old method. You get your heat quicker, you have uniform distribution, the difference between floor and ceiling temperatures is reduced, and in the summer you can use the fan to keep air circulating through the house. If you are building a new house, or if you are not satisfied with the performance of your present heating system, we think it would be worth looking into.

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There are 5000 workers on the staffs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories whose sole occupation is to develop constantly improving methods and equipment for the 350,000 employees of the Bell System to use in serving the public. The results of the efforts are evident, not only in the extension of telephone service across the Atlantic, but in the constantly improving local and long distance service at home.

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It is fundamental in the policy of the Company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.

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Home Stretch on the Gridiron

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THE FOOTBALL season has so far served to explode certain popular delusions. One of these was that a great star can beat another team single-handed. That is another good team. I remember last year when many people were going about saying that because of Bruce Caldwell's presence Yale's was a one-man eleven. Yet when Caldwell was ruled off the team there promptly appeared Hamersely and Garvey. The truth was that the Blue had ten other men helping the star in every move. The same is true this year of Cagle of the Army. It is taking nothing of the lustre from Cagle's record to say that he has a very fine team playing in front of him, behind him, and all around him. The design of the runs that throw Cagle loose is as nearly perfect as it is possible for human ingenuity to devise. And when every man plays his part perfectly in that design the star catches the eye of the crowd. It is true, of course, that these stars have plays built around their abilities and their personalities, but it takes more than one man to make them go. No little credit for Cagle's success and the success of the team goes to Nave, the Army field general. Yale was not without stars, either. It so happened, however, that Nave outguessed Johnny Hoben, and actually the difference in the measure of the two teams was the difference in the measure of the field generalship.

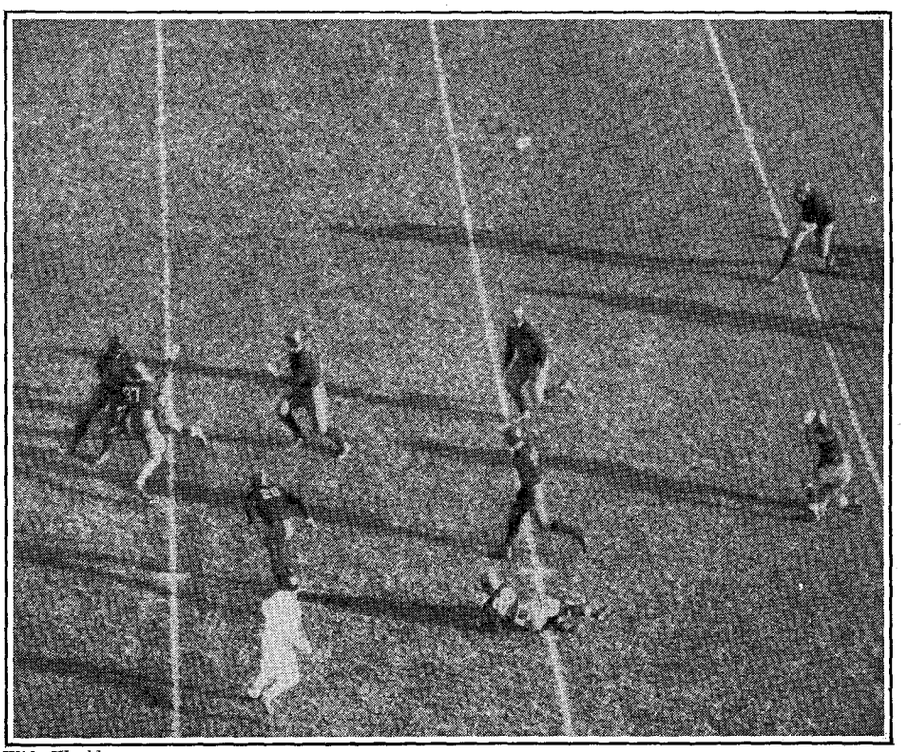
There is another fallacy that must be disposed of, and that is that brilliant individual play on the defense is largely luck. Thus in the newspaper reports Allen, the Army wing back on defense, was robbed of his credit for the interception of a Yale forward pass. Allen was in exactly the position that was a part of the soldiers' scheme of forward pass defense, which has come to be probably the best in the country. An aggressive and accurate forward pass defense is one of the finest features of the game, and one of the best weapons.

The lateral pass has been an unqualified success when used by those who are willing to study its possibilities, for, even as a threat, it has complicated the defense a great deal. It has helped to make football a much prettier game, and the thanks of the public are due the Rules Committee for its courage in clinging to it in the face of much adverse and at times savage criticism. As a result of this general loosening up of the game, the play of the forwards has been considerably changed. There is more range than ever, for a great deal of blocking must be done in the open. That means that the linemen often leave their positions at rather dangerous times in order to get the field covered. So the modern running attack runs increasingly into the type of play known as the "long gainer." One man is caught out of position and the play goes for fifteen yards or more.

Another mistaken idea was that there was some mysterious quality about coaching that made it possible for inferior personnel to beat a better string of athletes. Yet here was Chicago the other day simply smothered. And A. Alonzo Stagg is the dean of the coaches, with a long and honorable record behind him. It is certain that Stagg taught his men everything he knew, and that they learned it. Yet here was Purdue running up forty points against the Maroon. One is reminded of some of the headlines in the Chicago papers many years ago. At this stage of season it was common enough to find the headline: "Chicago fears Purdue." This fear thought has been kept up for years, but Purdue never saw the day in the old times when it could make such a massacre of the Midway players.

The truth of this and other football matters is that coaches are constantly telling each other all they know.

Perhaps one of the most unexpected happenings of the mid-season was the great football turned in by Cornell against Princeton. Gil Dobie, so gloomy in recent years, turned out a team that should wreathe him in smiles, a sort of wreathing that seldom happens. He has been complaining of late that he has "nothing but students" on his teams. Everybody who ever attended the institution far above Cayuga's waters knows just how popular a football player is with most of the faculty. This year there must have turned up a group of players which is also a group of lecture room sharks, otherwise there would be no accounting for the affair at Princeton. Those who care for the highest class of line play would have enjoyed this game. Good line play is an intellectual pleasure.



Wide World

WHEN HARVARD SUNK THE BIG, BIG D
Wolfy of Dartmouth throws a forty-five yard pass to Swarthout

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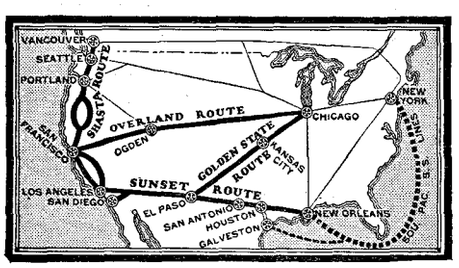

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Business in the Air

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

TWENTY years ago, the airplane was a freakish device whose chief purpose was to entertain crowds at State fairs. Ten years ago it was the vehicle to fame and death for young men with white wings sewn on their uniforms. Today the airplane is many things. Certainly not the least of its claims to public attention is the fact that it is the basis of an industry with almost fantastic possibilities.

With all due respect to the very able financiers and engineers engaged in the commercial manufacture of planes it must be admitted that the securities of none of the companies are yet seasoned sufficiently to justify their inclusion in a list of widows' and orphans' investments. It is quite likely that the next decade will see one of them in as solid a position as the General Motors Corporation. But, when that is true, the industry will be far less interesting than it is now, with its short but colorful history and its promising but dangerous future.

The future is dangerous because it is inevitable that many of the hundred-odd companies now in the field will be cut down in the struggle for existence. Some of them are obviously too poorly equipped to stand the competition.

There have been quite a few business disasters already. Airplane manufacturers faced the public for the first time in 1919 under circumstances that were, commercially speaking, most unhappy. They had expanded their plants to meet the demands of virtually their only customer, the Government, and the demand had disappeared almost completely. With no battle lines to observe and no ammunition dumps to bomb, the Government seemed to have more planes on its hands than it needed. Some manufacturers who had built plants on the apparent assumption that the war would last forever simply had to go to the wall. The outlook was dark for even the most conservative and the most substantial. Attempts to sell machines to the public were thoroughly unsuccessful. Flying was a sport for heroes, not for civilians.

If the Government had not begun to place a few new orders, the stagnation would have been really desperate. The Post Office Department, however, had inaugurated an air mail service in 1918 and its development offered a broadening market for planes and engines. The most solid units in the industry had enough business to keep them alive. By 1926, the Post Office service had reached the point where it was feasible to contract for aerial mail transportation with private companies.

Wealthy men today are buying planes as they would automobiles and motorboats, as conveniences and playthings. Those who cannot afford planes of their own are turning more and more to the airplane for transportation.

Wall Street meanwhile had been throwing its funds into the adolescent industry. To the speculator, the flights of the stocks of the Wright and Curtiss companies were almost as startling as those of the Spirit of St. Louis and the America. New companies found it comparatively simple to raise capital.

It is easy to demonstrate statistically the growth of the industry. In 1919, this country produced 302 planes and air products with a total value of $7,430,824. Last year, practically 2,000 planes were manufactured and the air products totalled $21,101,853. Exports of planes, engines and parts rose in the same period from $472,548 to $1,903,583.

No one doubts for a moment that the expansion during the next few years will be great but there is very great difference of opinion as to its pace in different directions. Will the airplane cut most deeply into the field now controlled by the railroad, the motorbus or the pleasure automobile? The majority of experts believe that the most promising opportunities lie in the production of small, cheap planes which the amateur can easily operate, but these experts admit that changes in engine or plane design might upset their calculations entirely.

FOR THE prospective buyer of aviation securities there is not much information to be gleaned in financial circles. The issues of even the oldest companies are still so unseasoned that it is almost impossible to appraise them by any normal method. Even the rashest market letter writer might hesitate to say whether they are selling at five times or a fifth of their proper value. The time is probably not far away, however, when some of the most powerful financial houses will align themselves with one or more of the present companies. The wise speculator and perhaps even the investor would do well to follow these leaders.

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We Look at the Older Generation

(*Continued from Page 1167*)

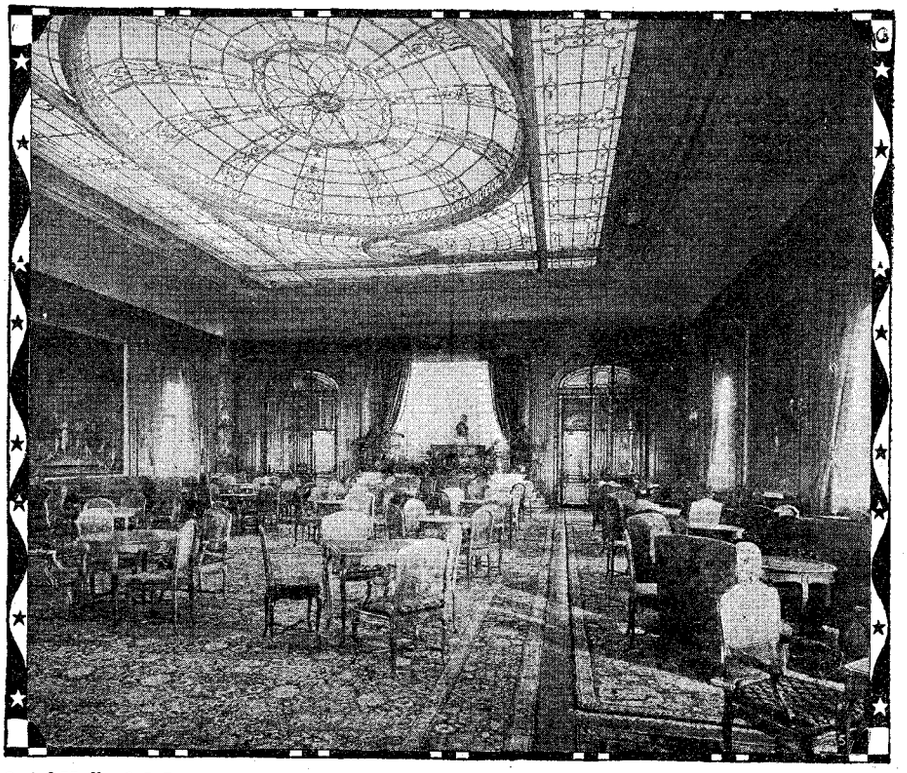
rouge! Rouge put you in the prostitute class—if you were found out. We were a dishonest lot."

I have another piece of testimony which I highly prize, this one from an elderly gentleman. We were talking about some handbook of modern manners—"The Plastic Age," perhaps—and we brought up the alleged modern custom of necking. Was it, after all, entirely contemporary? The elderly gentleman, a soft-spoken Missourian, leaned toward me confidentially. "'Necking'? Why bless your heart, it's all we ever did."

THAT, of course, was the great hush-hush, absorbing all the others—sex. And the casual modern attitude toward this *verboten* subject is very unsettling to the older generation. Many things have brought about its acceptance in polite society, but among the most important, I believe, are the teachings of psychoanalysis. This noble art has had a tremendous indirect influence on modern thinking. I do not mean a specific dogma; I mean merely a general idea of the pervasiveness of sex, which has filtered out into the general mind, and is affecting the manners and attitudes of people who don't know how to spell Freud, and who think a complex is a kind of automobile. These individuals, as well as the educated, appear to have got hold of the Freudian discovery that sex is mixed up in a great many matters where no one used to think it was. They have absorbed the conception that it is an influence powerfully affecting everybody, including the decorous people who least suspect it; and, that being the case, that one might as well look it in the eye and live peacefully with it. Which is scandalous or merely healthy, depending on one's point of view.

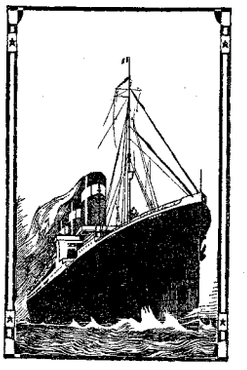
As I have pointed out earlier, we are on the way to being an older generation ourselves. And what will happen when that day comes? Possibly we shall shudder and scold while our children go swimming with nothing on at all, but it is not probable. There is more ground for believing that the pendulum will start the backward swing to conservatism, and that we shall end our days as a group of unregenerate grandmothers and grandfathers who will horrify their descendants. I can picture some ribald octogenarian in 1980 making a plain-spoken quip, and can hear her grandmother's answer:

"Grandmother, really!! People don't say things like that nowadays!"



Social Hall—S.S. LEVIATHAN

American ships for your greater enjoyment



THERE are six famous ships that cross the Atlantic Ocean, flying the American flag. Regularly during the summer and winter, spring and fall, according to their sailing schedule, they clear New York Harbor and head for European ports—Cobh (Queenstown) in Ireland, Plymouth or Southampton in England, Cherbourg in France, Bremen in Germany, depending on each ship's route. Somewhere on the North Atlantic, between Sandy Hook and the English Channel, there is always one of them.

They are the first class liner, *S. S. Leviathan,* the largest ship in the world; and the five cabin ships—always in demand—*S. S. George Washington, S. S. America, S. S. Republic, S.S. President Harding,* and *S. S. President Roosevelt.* It is the business of these American ships to carry passengers to Europe and back safely, with the maximum comfort and the minimum delay. They do this in a manner that has won them the good will of travelers and the respect of maritime experts.

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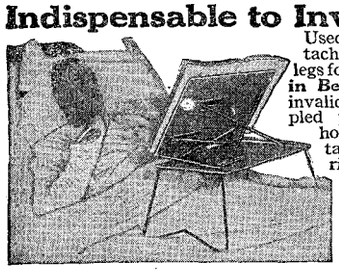

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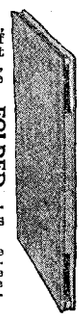

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Why Reds Rule Mexico

(*Continued from Page 1051*)

by the will of the people, have expended more on the army alone in each year of their domination, than Diaz expended for his whole administration in any year.

The damages sustained by the Mexicans are indeed terrifying. In money they would easily amount to $10,000,000,000; but they sink into insignificance if compared with those impossible to calculate or reduce to dollars and cents.

It was the dream of Porfirio Diaz that by the year 1930 his country should reach a state of civilization, education and prosperity in all respects comparable to the present advancement of Canada. A scientific study of the authentic facts which are contained in the Mexican Government memorials (1878-1910), on file in all important libraries of the world, shows a steady progress which would have surpassed the goal set by President Diaz. Today Mexico would have a flourishing population of over 20,000,000 people.

To restore their country to its previous position, the Mexicans do not need help, nor have they asked for it. All they lack is the freedom of action they have lost because of the interference of the United States.

Let the Mexicans have their freedom and the problem will be quickly solved, removing automatically all other problems, from those of rights of foreigners in Mexico to those originated by the spreading of Communism in Latin America.

On the strength of these premises, is it not a duty of the people of the United States to exact from the *"powers that be"* a policy of non-interference to enable the Mexicans to put an end to the evils originated and maintained by the erroneous policy of Washington?

These articles, based on irrefutable evidence and written with as much impartiality as I am able to assume, are an effort to perform my duty as a Mexican and as a civilized man.

I am appealing not only to the people of the United States but to all the people of this hemisphere, with all the more reason and energy since I am sincerely convinced that if the Mexican puppets of Russia continue dominating my country, their outrages against the United States and other nations will sooner or later force American public opinion to exact from Washington armed intervention in Mexico, which will result in a long and bloody war against a people who desire but an opportunity to work and live in honorable peace.

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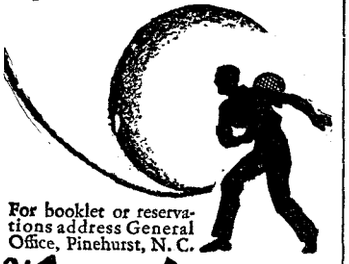

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The Governor's Olives

(Continued from Page 1153)

small green vegetables," he said, "of all the feast will live in my memory longest."

At three o'clock we rose from the table and went into the drawing room for hot tea and sweet meats. With fascination I watched General Ma consume salted nuts. Never in my life have I seen so much food pushed into one man in one day as our able governor stored in his long thin body.

In the very midst of a warm discussion on highways, the governor arose abruptly and bowed to me. The other men jumped up in confusion, their remarks suspended in mid-air. "The highways I shall attend to after the schools are on a sound basis," he said with his kingly air. He liked his pose as public benefactor. And then he had almost a winsome charm as he told me how he wished he might come again. Fifteen minutes of bowing and endlessly repeated farewells, and our compound was quiet.

I went to thank the borrowed cooks. In came Lao-chang to present the bill from the caterer. Food for ninety-six soldiers—we are still paying for it. But the joke is not all on me. The Chinese teachers met the governor in the guest room of the school, and with appropriate speeches about his far-sighted subsidy for education they presented him with a silk-covered donation book (made while he was having his dinner) in which he was expected to indicate a contribution for our new dormitory. He had never given a cent for education in his life, but he looked at the book; perhaps he thought of the olives. "Write three hundred dollars," he directed the general at his side.

A year has passed and our city is held by the Nationalist army. General Ma is crushed beneath the feet of the common people he scorned. Occasionally his name appears on the pages of American newspapers, but for periods of increasing length he shares the oblivion of Chang Tso-ling. I am too thoroughly American to wish it otherwise. The day of the tuchuns has almost ceased to be. But when I see the Nationalist general in his plain uniform walking unattended to his headquarters and nodding to smiling civilians, I cannot smother a little sigh or pride in the splendor that was Ma's. No one made him and he thanked no one; the gods who did not give have at last taken from him what he gave himself. But he was such a witty, splendid, lordly, charming old demon. I count it a privilege to have fed him olives.

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